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THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

WE are living in a state of chronic Ministerial crisis. No sooner is one difficulty surmounted, than another rises before us. The Ministry have hardly recovered from one humiliation before they are called upon to suffer another. Every week increases the breach between the Legislature and the Executive, and contributes its quota to the degradation of both. The House of Commons is placed in the false position of tolerating a Minister who does not possess its confidence; and Continental observers are already becoming puzzled by the strange and, as they thought, impossible spectacle of an English Government retaining office against the will of the representatives of the people. On the other hand, the influence and character of the Executive is lowered by an exhibition of such political impotence as that presented by Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues; and we cannot wonder that many of their supporters share the opinion which Mr. Liddell expressed the other night, that the present state of things cannot continue without danger to the Constitution, and that it is, therefore, the duty of the Administration to retire from a position the duties of which they cannot discharge. It is not too much to say that there is at present no control whatever over the conduct of public business in Parliament. The Ministry systematically abstain from expressing an opinion upon any subject on which they can possibly manage to remain neutral; and the result is that on questions of so much importance as those involved in Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Libel Bill, we have a sort of triangular duel amongst the English and Irish law officers. Or if they cannot absolutely wash their hands of a measure, as in the instance of the Boundary Bill, they eagerly close with the proposition to refer it to a select committee, and thus virtually transfer to that body the responsibility which ought to devolve upon themselves. If they are unable altogether to evade a direct issue, then they endeavour by such speeches as that which Mr. Disraeli delivered on Monday night, *apropos* of the rival "instructions" of Mr. Baxter and Sir Rainald Knightley, to show that it is a matter of no importance, and that it is not of the slightest consequence to them in what manner the House may decide it. It is seldom that the House has listened to such an address as the one in question. Its tone of jaunty indifference would, under any circumstances, have been singularly unworthy of a Prime Minister; but when we read it in connection with the past declarations of the same statesman, its utter political cynicism becomes even still more apparent.

Last year, Mr. Disraeli insisted in the strongest manner that one of the vital principles of the English Reform Bill was the absence of any complete disfranchisement of boroughs. He repeated the same statement not only in his celebrated Edinburgh speech, but in the more deliberate form of a letter which he subsequently sent to the newspapers. And yet when a motion is made this year to disfranchise ten small English boroughs in order to give their members to Scotland, he coolly tells the House that at the first blush there does not seem much difference in principle between that proposition and one to acquire the necessary seats by taking one representative from each of a number of boroughs now returning two members. Although, in order apparently to save some slight rag of consistency, he intimates a slight preference for the latter, rather than the former plan, he does this in a manner scarcely

more emphatic than a languid exquisite would display in making his choice between two pairs of gloves of a slightly different shade. And he concludes by intimating that whatever may be the will of the House, he shall accommodate himself to it, and that he trusts there will be no great difficulty or delay about a matter of such secondary importance. Again we say that this is a style of language and of demeanour utterly unworthy of a Prime Minister; and one to which no Prime Minister would descend who had not subordinated every political consideration to the single object of prolonging his retention of place by the greatest possible number of weeks and months. We cannot, indeed, help thinking that after thus throwing overboard one vital principle of the Bill of last year, it is a piece of rather absurd fastidiousness to insist on another. The Premier has already discovered that neither the principle of a rating qualification for the franchise, nor that of the sacredness of small boroughs is applicable to Ireland. He has abandoned the latter in respect to England, and it seems at first sight rather difficult to understand why he could not sacrifice the former in reference to Scotland. To talk of consistency in such a matter is absurd. Nor would it have been difficult for him to have found in the different circumstances of the two countries, and especially in the very partial mode in which rating is carried out in Scotland, plausible grounds for bowing to the decision of the Committee on Mr. Bouverie's amendment. Had it been entirely left to the Premier to decide on his course, his antecedents warrant us in suspecting that he would have yielded to this as he has done to other adverse votes. But there are still amongst his colleagues and his supporters men who have not lost all sense of political shame, and who feel bitterly the ignominy of continually carrying out a policy dictated by the Opposition. Their patience has nearly reached its limits. At any rate, management and address are requisite in order to keep them faithful to a flag which they see constantly trailed in the dirt. And it was probably rather to satisfy their scruples than his own that Mr. Disraeli, after acquiescing in the instruction of Mr. Baxter, moved that the Committee should report progress as soon as it had carried the amendment of Mr. Bouverie. By an appearance of standing upon his dignity he assuaged the pangs of mortification suffered by those behind him, and gained time to effect an accommodation if he could, or to fight if he must. It would seem that the latter alternative has been forced upon him. The amendment of which Mr. Baxter had given notice furnished him with a ready mode of escaping from his difficulty, at no greater cost than that of accepting terms dictated by the enemy. After all that has taken place, that did not seem a heavy penalty to pay for safety, however temporary. The amendment which Mr. Disraeli has placed on the paper amounts to nothing short of a demand that the House of Commons shall rescind their vote of Monday last. For such a step they can hardly be prepared. The contests of the last few weeks have strengthened the bonds of discipline on the Liberal side of the House, and have immensely improved the *morale* of the party. They are no longer to be taken in detail, and defeated in sections, as they were last year. Unless between this and Monday some accommodation can be arrived at, there is every reason to anticipate that next week will witness a renewal of the Ministerial crisis in a new and more aggravated form. The country will be at no loss where to charge the responsibility of a state of things which is not

only damaging to the credit, but detrimental to the best interests of the country.

If we turn from the position of the Government to the substance of the Bill, which has given rise to their latest defeats, we can have no hesitation in expressing our satisfaction at the amendments to which it has been subjected. The Opposition cannot, however, claim the exclusive credit of giving a death-blow to the crude and mischievous scheme of increasing the number of members of the House of Commons. The common sense of gentlemen on both sides was unequivocally against a proposition which they clearly saw was only made in order to extricate a weak Government from a difficulty. The patriotism of the Conservatives revolted against the idea of seeking a temporary party advantage, at the cost of removing the barriers which prevent an indefinite augmentation of an assembly which is already too large for purposes of deliberation. And although in obedience to the party "whip" the bulk of the party followed Sir Rainald Knightley into the lobby, there is little doubt that a large proportion of them were not ill pleased to be defeated. Mr. Disraeli has only himself to blame for any disaffection his followers may exhibit, and though they have not yet openly declared their aversion to the position in which his policy (if his conduct be worthy of such a title) has placed them, there are signs which betoken their extreme annoyance, and these are likely to grow. The small borough delusion is in fact, as the Americans say, "played out." It is only a very few years ago that a man like Mr. Gladstone could gravely defend them on the ground that they were the nurseries of rising political talent. On Tuesday night there was scarcely a word said in their favour, and the argument which we have just mentioned was not even alluded to. The truth is that it has now become patent to every one that small boroughs do not send, and are not likely to send, any new Fox, Canning, or Brougham to Parliament. From their reduced numbers they have become too valuable to their proprietors to be squandered away in facilitating the progress of mere merit and genius. They are all required to meet the wants of youthful "swells," or to gratify, in return for a suitable consideration, the social rather than political ambition of middle-aged millionaires. As centres of public opinion they are utter shams; and even if they could act freely, which we know they cannot, they would not represent any phase of national life different from that of the agricultural population by whom they are surrounded. In short, they merely cumber the ground. On the other hand, although boroughs with somewhat more than 12,000 inhabitants are certainly over-represented by two members, it cannot be said that in their case representation is a farce. They are, for the most part real towns, and not mere agricultural villages. They have opinions and interests different from those of the agricultural population, which find appropriate expression in the county representation. Under any scheme of redistribution which we are likely to see carried out for some time, they will retain one of their members. And as it is obvious that in transferring seats from one of the United Kingdoms to another the operation ought to be effected at the least cost possible to the loser, it follows immediately that the proper course is to give Scotland her rights rather by lopping a dead branch from the English tree than by pruning the mere redundancy of an essentially healthy one. Nor was that all. Mr. Childers showed in the most convincing manner that, even as between different English counties, justice would best be met by abolishing the representation of the small boroughs. By adopting this course, no county will in future have less than one member to every 40,000 inhabitants, while, if one member were taken from the boroughs having a population immediately above 12,000, the consequence would be that some of our most important counties would only have one member to from 47,000 to 71,000 inhabitants. These arguments happily prevailed with the House, and the result will no doubt be a substantial improvement in the representative system of Great Britain. We cannot, however, regard with any satisfaction the process by which it has been arrived at. This proposition to disfranchise the smaller boroughs was rejected by the House of Commons last year; and there is reason to suspect that it has this year been accepted under a sense of necessity rather than from any abstract desire to popularize our constituencies. But, however that may be, the constant vacillations into which Parliament inevitably falls, under the guidance or want of guidance of a weak and time-serving Administration, are highly detrimental to its authority, and are therefore proportionately to be deplored. It is time that we had a House of Commons which knows its own mind and will insist on being led by those who can provide it with a definite policy.

THE ARMY.

THE question of promotion by purchase in the army is being vigorously pressed by Mr. Trevelyan, and it is to be hoped his exertions will be strenuously backed by all who desire to have the service properly organized. The arguments used by those in favour of the old system resolve themselves into a single statement that things have worked well as they are, and that we have under the present *régime* the finest army in the world. To this it is only necessary to use the reply which has been often given to a similar assertion—if we have a good and efficient army, it is not because of the purchase system, but in spite of it. It is utterly indefensible. The evils resulting from it are so apparent that it is difficult to understand how it can find any advocates. We need not go over that old and beaten ground again. We have the facts that young and inexperienced officers can buy rank over the heads of men their seniors in the profession; and that, in fact, money can place a raw youth in command of a regiment. We cannot understand the force of General Peel's assertion that in the Church and the Bar a long purse gives as great advantages to its possessor over competitors as in the army. Who ever heard of a judge being selected on the score of his having a considerable private income? There may be instances where the steps towards a bishopric were successively purchased, but the clergy that have risen from the ranks are in a proportion to save the Church from the reproach which General Peel incidentally casts upon it.

The whole army system at present will probably require a thorough reform. We are not to judge of its value by its exploits against King Theodore. As now constituted, it is evident that the scale of intelligence in the service must be low, and intelligence is as necessary for a modern soldier as a mechanical precision of movement. Our recruits are taken from a class notoriously the worst educated in the community. We know how deficient the agricultural districts are in this respect, and a great part of the troops are supplied from the country quarters. The social condition of the soldier is again detrimental to the improvement of the service. By our retention of the punishment of flogging we have at the outset placed a barrier against the entrance into a regiment of men of real self-respect. This institution has its effect also upon the civilian opinion of the soldier. The lowest shopkeeper or tradesman looks down upon the soldier as a slave in a red livery, who is liable to be whipped and branded. The fact that promotion from the ranks is a rare and exceptional occurrence, prevents the soldier himself very often from following his pursuit with that justifiable ambition which contributes towards efficiency in every other calling. Nor is his individual position one which may be considered satisfactory. Take one point, for instance, the military rules on the subject of marriage. We have just received a pamphlet giving some curious details on this point. In other European armies the restrictions on marriage are generally as great if not greater than in ours, but we must take into account the fact that in those armies the time of service is limited, and each soldier can, of course, on his return to civil life, marry, if he wishes. With us the case is different. The author of the pamphlet to which we refer says "the English soldier is in a different position. Unless he marries as a soldier, he will probably not marry at all." In England marriages amongst the rank and file are severely and determinedly discouraged. However politic in one respect this may be, it is in another productive of hideous and disastrous consequences. The figures in connection with this subject would go to prove that it would be cheaper for us to bear the additional expense which might accrue from facilitating marriage rather than allow the present state of things to continue and extend a mischief far outside its own centres.

The administration of the army, divided as it is between one official in the House, and another who looks upon the House as more or less of an unsympathizing body, only interested in the reduction of expenditure, is another matter that should be seen after. The machinery, as it is, is costly enough. Our soldiers cost us more than any other soldiers in the world, and we should therefore take all the more care of them. The time is fast coming, however, when small concessions to the feeling which demands a change in the existing system will not be accepted. It would be well to prepare for such an occasion. We do not believe, with the Peace party, that the new Parliament is likely to reduce a standing army. It may reorganize, but it will not cut down the service. We have not a soldier too many. A great deal certainly might be done by economizing the troops, and drawing them away from quarters which could get on well enough without them, and which, if they could not

manage without our keeping them in expensive garrisons, might be left to try. Canada absorbs more soldiers than we can spare, and in fact more than the colony is worth to us. We have only to look abroad for some instructive examples in the efficiency of troops. The French soldiers are far beyond ours in intelligence and education. Our men, when turned adrift from physical incapacity, starve in a hopeless, stupid manner, or take refuge in the workhouse. Not so a French soldier. He is invariably acquainted with some trade, which enables him to pick up a living when he has left or has been discharged from the service. He has been allowed, while in the ranks, to practice it, and has had every opportunity within reach to improve himself in acquiring knowledge. His whole time when off duty is not employed in swinging a cane, following maid-servants, or getting drunk. Idleness is almost enforced in the British army when a man is off drill.

At both ends, then, the army wants reform, but it is not at all improbable that no step will be made until we are taught a severe practical lesson. That we get out of difficulties is due to the national courage and spirit, or rather that we have got out of them; for, in the event of another war like that in the Crimea, we should find that our experiences there would profit us but little. The purchase system must be the first obstruction to progress removed. The army should be strictly a profession, and not a mere ornamental pursuit for rich gentlemen who do not trouble themselves to acquire the very elements of their adopted calling. Nothing can be more absurd than the sentiment prevailing at every mess-table, that even to wear the uniform is an infringement upon an officer's taste and liberty, while to converse upon his presumed business is considered a violation of good manners. This is, of course, one of the results of the purchase system. As long as a man feels that his banker can promote him when the time comes, and that it would be quite a superfluous exertion on his part to learn any more than the common form "cram" of the drill books, he will be a careless and an inefficient soldier. It is not enough that such officers are ready to fight with courage when called upon—they have the lives of hundreds of others under their charge, and are guilty of a criminal neglect in accustoming themselves to believe that a mere animal indifference to danger relieves them from the responsibilities they have undertaken.

THE TRIAL OF MR. JOHNSON.

A PARTIAL result has been come to in the proceedings against Mr. Johnson, but it would be premature to assume that the case is decided. The eleventh and last article has been taken first, and on this there were 35 votes for the impeachment, against 19 for acquittal; but, as a majority of two-thirds was necessary for securing any action against the President, the charges against him so far fall to the ground. Had there been a difference of one vote—had only eighteen been in favour of acquittal, and thirty-six been on the side of impeachment—the eleventh article would have been carried; and it is a strange comment on the system of requiring a majority of a certain relative proportion to the minority, that Mr. Johnson has escaped on this particular "count," when sixteen more votes were given against than for him. Why the minority is to over-ride the majority it is difficult to understand; and not many months ago the Americans found it necessary to amend their usage in this respect, in an instance where it had become intolerable. One of the Southern States having affirmed the new anti-slavery Constitution by a clear majority, but not having voted for it in a sufficiently large majority to satisfy the requirements of the law, an Act was passed, making a simple majority sufficient. As regards the President, the law remains in its former state, and so Mr. Johnson, as far as concerns the eleventh article, rides off upon his minority as triumphantly as though it were a majority. The article in question was not the most important of the series, but it contained matters of gravity. It charged the President with denying in a public speech that the Thirty-ninth Congress (the present) was authorized to exercise legislative power; with denying that the legislation of the present Congress was valid or obligatory upon him, or that it had power to propose certain amendments to the Constitution; with seeking to prevent the execution of the Tenure of Office Act by illegally attempting to prevent Mr. Stanton from resuming the functions of Secretary of War; and with having contrived to hinder the execution of the Reconstruction Act, as well as of the Act which provides that all military orders shall be issued through the General of the Army. The Court immediately adjourned to the 26th inst. (next Tuesday), so that we are as yet quite in the dark as to the ultimate issue of the attempt at impeachment. It does

not, however, by any means follow that the President is safe. We have seen by the numbers that a very little shifting of votes will give the required majority, and it is said that great pressure has already been exercised to induce wavering members to go with the managers of the prosecution. Doubtless that pressure will be increased, and it may be successful. It is alleged that some of the senators have been threatened with assassination if they vote for an acquittal; but the story seems too monstrous for belief, and we gladly throw it aside among the wild imputations of partisanship. Nevertheless, it is probable that the advocates of impeachment will do their utmost to persuade the undecided to neutralize by subsequent votes the partial decision of last Saturday, and in that case we may yet see Mr. Johnson deposed from his office on the ground of having abused the powers confided to him by the Constitution. Seven members of the Republican party have up to the present time shown a disposition to some extent favourable to the President; but on those parts of the indictment which charge the Chief Magistrate with endeavouring illegally to remove Mr. Stanton from the War Office, and to place General Thomas *ad interim* in his place—the accusations in which the pith of the matter is thought to reside—these gentlemen may of course see sufficient reason for voting with the bulk of their party. On their action the final result seems in a great measure to depend: in the meanwhile, it would be idle to speculate where we have such slight grounds for forming a judgment.

One thing appears to be very certain—that the trial is creating but little excitement in America, except among the persons immediately engaged in it. Even the senators, as a body, seem to be hardly moved. The fact is that the proceedings, save for an occasional incident flavoured with that peculiar kind of American drollery which to our more cultured tastes appears singularly vulgar and undignified, are exceedingly dull. They turn for the most part on questions of Constitutional law, and lead to a world of argument on points in which few persons can be expected to take a lively interest. Moreover, there is no very striking issue at stake. It is not proposed, in the event of success, to bring the President to the block, but merely to depose him; and, in the event of failure, the country can only be troubled by his rule for a little more than nine months longer. Mr. Johnson's powers of mischief have been so greatly curtailed that he could hardly in those nine months do anything of importance towards frustrating the policy of the North in the matter of reconstruction; and it is probably felt by many that he is not worth powder and shot. Of course, if it be proved that he has abused the powers of his office, and violated the Constitution which he was elected to maintain, he must be made to feel that the law is superior to the administrator who forgets his duties. But if, on the other hand, it be determined that no legal charge can be made out against him, the result, even from an ultra-Republican point of view, will not be very serious. In that case, Mr. Johnson might possibly be emboldened to pursue a vexatious policy for the remainder of his term, and this of course is undesirable; but such a policy could not materially obstruct the development of the plans which Congress have formed and partly executed for the reinstatement of the South. The work has already made too much progress, and the hands of the President are too strictly tied, for the march of Reform to be now arrested. The South is gradually, and not very slowly, coming round to the view held throughout by the Radical party at Washington. Six of the Southern States have adopted new constitutions on the basis of the exclusion of slavery, and of the enjoyment by the negro of equal political rights with the white man. Those States are the two Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, and Arkansas; and we may expect shortly to see them admitted to Congress on terms which will render the triumph of Northern policy still more assured. It is singular to find South Carolina, where the pro-slavery civil war began, and where the cause of secession was so desperately fought out, among the first to solicit return to the Central Government on conditions which make the extinction of servitude, and the equality of the two races, the future policy of the State. Yet such is the fact. The fire of resistance has burnt itself out; the old ideas have perished in the fury of mortal combat; and men now perceive that there is no choice but frankly to accept the successful system, and to make the best of it. This has been done with a thoroughness which is very hopeful of further results. "In Louisiana and the Carolinas," says the *Daily News*, "the majorities have been immense, and both majority and minority have been composed of a mixed multitude of all classes and both races. The line of demarcation between Republicans and Democrats has nowhere been coincident with that of race. Black men have voted with the

Democratic party, and white men have voted with the Republicans; and in North Carolina, Arkansas, and Georgia the ratification of the constitutions is said to be due to the large white vote in their favour." When such is the progress that has been made in the work which Congress undertook to carry out, it may be safely anticipated that the reconstruction plan of the Radicals will be eventually crowned with entire success. The fate of Mr. Johnson, one way or the other, will not materially affect the issue. The policy of the North will prevail, whether the existing President be expelled from the White House or not. As a matter of Constitutional law, it will be curious to see if the Senate convicts him on any of the indictments which the Republicans have so carefully and elaborately prepared; but, as a matter affecting the general course of events, the upshot of the impeachment proceedings is only of second-class importance, and certainly not big with the fate of peoples.

ROYALTY IN IRELAND.

THE lively and good-humoured baronet and Serjeant-at-law who represents the county of Clare in Parliament may be called, in bardic language, "Colman of the Hundred Motions." In one sense he is certainly the most moving orator in the House of Commons. When one talks of Coleridge's motion, or Ewart's motion, or Berkeley's motion, we know where we are. These gentlemen, if not altogether men of one idea, are content to give their whole mind to one thing at a time, and think that one subject in a session is as much as a private member can reasonably be expected to undertake. But when we hear of O'Loughlen's motion we are as much perplexed as the members of the Stock Exchange were by Baron Rothschild's joke about "Smith's failure." The hon. baronet (superior to Edmund Burke in this) is not content to give up to party what was meant for mankind. He is always ready to legislate upon any subject; to make a motion about anything or anybody. This is a propensity useful in its way, but liable also to run into abuse. Somehow or other, however, the House has not yet voted Sir Colman a bore; they like a man who is always pleasant and inoffensive; and, though he seldom succeeds in carrying any of his motions, he is allowed to make as many as he likes.

At all events, there could be no reasonable objection to the introduction and discussion of the question which he brought before the House last week. The visit of the Prince of Wales and (as Mr. Disraeli well put it) of the Princess of Wales to Ireland was not only, we may hope and believe, very agreeable to them, but was also a political event of considerable importance. However the idea of the Prince's visit originated—whether as a matter of private amusement or of public ceremony—it was a happy one. The heroic but unreasonable solicitude of the Princess prompted her, against grave remonstrances, to insist on being his companion. The fears which impelled her to such a step prove that it is as desirable for Royalty to know more of the Irish as it is that the Irish should see more of Royalty. It was undoubtedly her gracious and winning presence that raised the public enthusiasm to such a pitch; but the Prince would have come home as safe, at any rate, if not as satisfied with his visit, if she had not gone at all. Painful and puzzling as the Irish question, or complication of questions is, it is now clear that Royalty can give good help in settling it. If it is beyond its surgery to set and heal a comminuted fracture, at least it has a medicine potent enough to reduce the swelling and allay the fever. The majority of her Majesty's subjects in these islands are so constituted that they take great delight in a Royal visit to the places where they live. A Royal residence in any part of the country attracts many other visitors and residents. There are in London itself not a few persons who complain very much of the too prolonged absences of the Court from London. If the Irish people, therefore, were as well off as the English people; if Irish proprietors were all resident, instead of being in so large a proportion absentees; if the money raised in the country was mostly spent in the country; if manufactures flourished in every province, and employment was constant, universal, and well remunerated—it would still, it seems to us, be no proof of ignorance or barbarism that the Irish should be greatly and pleasurably excited by visits from their sovereign or some members of her family. But when conditions of quite an opposite kind really exist, which Royal visits have indirectly much power to alter, the Irish would be far more irrational than their critics describe them to be if they did not see in such visits adequate reasons for national rejoicing.

The duty of loyalty is one thing; the sentiment of loyalty

is another. The former is enforced by the laws, and inculcated by public teachers of every order and every creed. The latter is a thing which law cannot create. It takes a long time to grow, even when habit and association have brought together the rulers and the ruled. The majority of the English people willingly obeyed the first and second Georges, but there was not in the country any sentiment of loyalty towards them. The case was quite different when a prince came to the throne who could say that, "born and educated in this country, he gloried in the name of Briton." Instead of sovereigns of foreign birth, tastes, and habits, England was ruled by a homely Englishman, who talked to squires and farmers about subjects in which he and they took a common interest, and who constantly exhibited a fine family to the admiration of his people on the terrace of Windsor or the beach of Weymouth. It was thus the existing sentiment of loyalty took root and grew. But has there been any cause competent to produce such an effect in Ireland? The twenty days' visit of George IV., when he ran away from the wrath of London, and the three visits of her present Majesty, amounting to about the same sum, are the answer. Yet history proves that the instinct of loyalty is strong in Irish breasts, and only needs some cultivation to become an abiding sentiment.

An objection, to which Sir Colman O'Loughlen referred, and to which the attempted assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh has been thought to give some force, assumes that Ireland is not a safe country for any one to live in, and, in these Fenian times, would be doubly unsafe for members of the Royal family. To this our first answer is, that we are assured by her Majesty's Ministers that they have frightened Fenianism out of Ireland altogether, and that otherwise the country is quite safe for Royalty to dwell in. The Prince of Wales tells us that Ireland is "loyal to the core." Her Majesty herself has no apprehensions, for it is her Royal wish that members of her family should often visit Ireland in future. We say, in the second place, that we are not at all satisfied that Fenianism had anything to do with O'Farrell's attempt; and even if we assume that the frenzied wretch was himself a Fenian, we are not therefore bound to believe the story that he was chosen by lot from a number of others, and sent round the world to do what could be done with much more security in London. That old "*Tercenti juravimus*" is constantly cropping up in history. The assassin works it in two ways—first, to show that an act in which so many had a share proceeds at least from no ignoble motive; and, secondly, to frighten the friends of his intended victim from punishing him as he deserves. It is quite clear, at any rate, that any Fenian who had a fancy to take a shot at one of our princes, might do it with perfect ease and comfort in this metropolis. That is evident from the really distinguished manner in which our police took care not to hinder the Clerkenwell outrage, and our legal authorities have failed to punish its perpetrators. Even if they do hang one man, he may be the wrong one, and it is certain that some guilty persons have got off scot free. No one, however, has yet ventured to contend that England is not a safe country for Royalty to live in. No one, as far as we can remember, was so idiotically loyal as to propose, when Oxford or any of his miscreant imitators fired a pistol at the Queen, that her Majesty should fly for refuge to Rosenau. The Welsh member who complimented his own self-denying nationality at Ireland's expense forgot that Wales, not to speak of its coal and iron, has plenty of places like Wynnstay and Penrhyn Castle; that its landowners are men who have lived at home and "made the desert smile;" and that the tired citizens of our big towns rush to its coast in multitudes every summer, and already threaten to turn every fishing village into a Brighton.

Notwithstanding all objections, it seems to be agreed that some sort of royal residence, to be occupied some time or other, by some royal personage or other, is to be set up one of these fine days in Ireland. Vague as the intimation is, it is not unsatisfactory. Whether the project takes the form of an Irish Windsor in Wicklow, an Irish Osborne at Howth, or an Irish Balmoral at Glengariffe, it will help to attract to Ireland not merely its own generally worthless nobility, and make them spend amongst their tenants some of the wealth they wring from them, but it will also attract, it may be hoped, some English enterprise and capital. It will make Ireland the fashion. It will prove that life is not insecure, when those whose life is of most value feel safe there. Absentee landlords will be induced to live more at home, bad landlords will be shamed by the only opinion that can influence them into better and fairer management of their estates. England and Ireland will know each other better, and there will be no need of a "British party" to disquiet the country and embroil the empire. Anyhow, Mr. Gladstone will soon abolish that.

PARTNERSHIPS *v.* STRIKES.

IN the Sixth Report of the Trades' Union Commission a story is told which, if true—and we have no reason to doubt it—ought to have great influence in putting a stop to strikes in collieries. Perhaps there is not an hour from one year's end to the other in which there is not a strike going on in some department or other of industry; and instead of things getting better in this respect as the industrial world grows older, they get worse. It ought not to be difficult for capital and labour to settle their differences amicably, but it is the last thing they seem likely to do. Whenever masters attempt to lower wages, or men to raise them, the question which side shall prevail is referred to the arbitrament of a strike; and after weeks, or it may be months, of idleness, distress, and waste, men or masters give in, according as the state of trade is bad or good. Arbitration has been talked of for years, and in Nottingham it has been tried with success. But, for some reason or other, arbitration seems not to have been able to take root anywhere else, and the increase of intelligence amongst the people, if it is increasing, is accompanied by an increase of the practice of strikes. In some places they have come to be so frequent that the relations between employers and employed amount to an habitual state of warfare, varied by an occasional truce. Such was the case between Messrs. Briggs & Co., large colliery proprietors in West Yorkshire, and their men, up to the year 1865. Quarrels had become so habitual between them that everything like government on the one hand and service on the other had disappeared. Messrs. Briggs lived in daily fear, and almost fortnightly experience of strike or stoppage, and their business had become so unmanageable that they were obliged to cast about for some plan which should enable them to carry it on without reversing the due order of things, and becoming the servants of their servants. According to their own account of it, given to the Trades' Union Commissioners, the plan they finally resolved upon not only was simple, but has been eminently successful. Its idea was admirable. They dissolved their partnership, and formed in its stead a company under the Limited Liability Act. They divided the capital into 9,000 shares of £10 each, reserved two thirds for themselves, and offered the remaining 3,000 to their workmen and to the public. By this ingenious device the whole character of the concern was changed. Such of their workmen as took shares became partners, entitled to participation in the profits. But the company was so constituted that all the workpeople engaged in its collieries had a chance of participating in the profits, whether they were shareholders or not. For when 10 per cent. of the profits upon the whole year had been appropriated to capital, the surplus was to be so divided that one half should go in further remuneration of capital, and the remainder be distributed amongst all the workpeople in the form of a bonus. This was a happy inspiration, and its justice and ingenuity are both so evident now that the whole experiment has been tried, that one is tempted to agree with the too-often quoted Swedish statesman, and wonder at the paucity of wisdom in the world which left so excellent a contrivance to be discovered so late.

Messrs. Briggs & Co. knew what they were about. Their profits previous to 1865 had rarely reached 10 per cent.; and when they kept six of the nine thousand shares to themselves, they might be sure that the government of the company could not pass out of their hands. They might also reckon with safety on the probability that the work-people in their employment who could take shares would be the most intelligent of their class, and therefore the most likely to lead their fellow workmen either to submit or to strike, according as their own interest might prompt them. If these men could be won to the side of Messrs. Briggs, a great advantage would be gained. We are bound to believe that it has been gained, because ever since the establishment of this new basis of operation, things have gone on smoothly. There have been no strikes, no stoppages, no play-days, no bickerings and animosity. It is true—so at least the Messrs. Briggs affirm—that the shareholding workpeople regard with jealousy the participation of the non-shareholders in the surplus profits. From the moment they found themselves in the position of capitalists, their sympathy for the rights of labour vanished, and they became concerned only for the rights of capital. This is not so much a testimony to their selfishness as to Messrs. Briggs' discretion and knowledge of human nature. But it shows in a very striking manner the tendency of work-people to take a narrow view of things. These men thought that, because they were shareholders, they alone had a right to share in the profits to the exclusion of their fellow workmen who had no shares. But if they had invested money in shares, the

non-shareholding workpeople had the power of investing or withholding a very material contribution to the ultimate profits of the concern. In our collieries it would appear that as much as 85 per cent. of the whole expenditure may be affected, for or against the interest of the proprietors, by the work-people. 70 per cent. is represented by their wages; 15 per cent. by the cost of stores and materials. This, at all events, was the calculation made by the Messrs. Briggs and they foresaw that if they confined the participation in profits to such of their workpeople as held shares, a great advantage would be lost, because all the others would be left without any inducement to economize two of the greatest elements in the success of the concern—namely, their own labour, and the stores and materials with which they worked. The Company, therefore, by which the Messrs. Briggs supplanted their old partnership was so devised as to consult every interest—their own, their shareholding workpeople, and their workpeople who held no shares. What have been the results of this experiment? They have been in every respect remarkable. Complaints, quarrels, play-days, strikes, as we have said, have totally disappeared; the profit of the collieries has thus far invariably paid 10 per cent. on capital, and there has been sufficient surplus to excite the jealousy of the shareholding work-people against the non-shareholders who have been admitted to a participation of profits in respect of such surplus. Moreover, the shares are now at 25 per cent. premium, and, instead of lying helpless at the mercy of their workpeople, the Messrs. Briggs are practically "monarchs of all they survey," as far as their collieries are concerned. It is to be observed that this narrative proceeds from these gentlemen, and must be taken simply as their view of the case; but if the holders of six out of nine thousand shares are satisfied with the result of the experiment, we can hardly have any hesitation in admitting its success.

HOLDING BRIEFS.

NOT very long ago, during one of those interminable and utterly resultless appeals for internal reforms which law students and junior barristers are in the habit of making to the governing bodies of the Inns of Court, a "young barrister" put forward a grievance which has the advantage of being instructive as well as peculiar. "The young barrister" complained that, in consequence of the closing of the library of his Inn of Court at the same hour as the courts at Westminster, he was obliged to make his choice between two modes of acquiring a knowledge of his profession. At Westminster he could "hold" the briefs of his friends, and learn law at the expense of their clients. Or by pursuing a less ambitious path, and perusing the text-writers in the library, he could attain similar results, though in a less agreeable manner. To those who have not sufficiently profited by the lessons which the recent achievements of railway directors, railway contractors, company promoters, spiritualists, and other persons of acknowledged respectability, to learn the widely different position which the wealthy cheat and the starving pickpocket occupy before the eye of the law, it will appear surprising that that which in a common person would be regarded as of questionable honesty, is in a senior barrister a mere incident to his honourable occupation. The practice of "devilling," or doing duty by deputy, is essentially peculiar to what is termed the higher branch of the legal profession. No one ever hears of an eminent physician receiving the fees of those who wish to consult him and saving himself the trouble of looking at them by availing himself of the idleness of one of his brethren, whose knowledge may possibly equal that of the American doctor who sent all his patients without exception into convulsions because he happened to be a "stunner at fits." Yet things of this sort are by no means uncommon in practice at the Bar. An attorney may have a case requiring the employment of a counsel of peculiar capabilities. Knowing that everything may depend upon a rough tongue and unsparing cross-examination, a rattling speech to the jury, or a piece of well-sustained chaff throughout the conduct of the case, he selects his man, and proceeds to retain him. A feeling of natural anxiety to make sure of the talent of which he hopes to avail himself, and the price of which he is prepared to pay, prompts him, as a necessary preliminary, to ascertain that the counsel will be in his place when the case comes on. His mind is set at rest upon this point by the assurance of the barrister's clerk that his master has no other engagements to divert his attention from the case. Now it may be the misfortune of the attorney to be a gentleman, and, judging of others by himself, he pays away his money upon the promises he receives, fixes an hour for consultation, and returns to his chambers with the consciousness that he has done his duty, and that his client's case is

in the fittest hands to hold it. On the morning of the trial his first disappointment is the non-appearance of the distinguished advocate for whom such solemn promises had been made; and painful doubt takes the form of yet more painful certainty when the clerk, who was so liberal of assurances the evening before, comes forward with an expression of sympathy upon his features that would be pleasing if it were not chronic, to inform him that Mr. So-and-so is unfortunately detained in the country, or in the House of Lords, or at the Privy Council, and will not be able to reach the court until late in the day. The attorney then, upon searching for his brief, finds it in the hands of a young barrister, like him who made his grievance known through the columns of the *Times*, or of an old barrister whose abilities had not been of a sufficiently marked character to gain him the confidence of attorneys, and who, having no briefs of his own, holds those of other people. The substitution, it is needless to say, is in most cases unfortunate. The clerk of the absent advocate, intent upon securing his own fees and those of his master, makes his selection with a liberal disregard of the fitness of things. A mild squabble, in which the witness gets the best of it, takes the place of the proposed cross-examination, and a spirited speech or adroit chaff is looked for in vain from the staid individual whose eloquence, in its highest flights, cannot soar above the statute of frauds. The case may be lost and injustice done, and the person who is injured is left with such poor consolation as a general abuse of lawyers will afford him. The law itself leaves him without remedy. For some inscrutable reason, it will not permit a barrister to bring an action for his fees, and, by way of set-off, it invests him with the power of being as negligent and as reckless of the interests of his client as he pleases with impunity. It has frequently been urged, by way of excuse for this monstrous state of things, that there is an implied understanding between counsel and their clients, that the former take briefs subject to the possibility of their being unable to attend to them, and that, as a man cannot be in two places at one time, the client whose interests suffer by the absence of his advocate in another court has only his ill-fortune to blame. It may in the first place be observed, with respect to this excuse, that the alleged understanding is one which probably enough is present to the mind of the counsel, but never dreamt of by the client, and that, at all events, it has no application where distinct promises are given that the counsel will be in attendance, or to those other cases which are sometimes said to occur when the barrister's clerk accepts briefs and fees, knowing perfectly well that his master will not appear in the case, and that he will have to provide some substitute for him.

There is nothing very unreasonable in the suitor looking upon what takes place between his counsel and himself, in the same way that he would regard any other business transaction. He has paid his money, and is entitled to have its value, and if the counsel is unable to do all the work he is asked to do, his remedy is easy. Let him confine himself to that which he can do, and abstain from taking the money of those whose business he will be necessarily compelled to neglect. There is really no reason why the morality of barristers should be different to that of other professional men; and so far from the members of the Bar losing by the abolition of the extraordinary practices which now prevail, we are convinced they would be gainers by the substitution of a plain and straightforward rule for what is now, oddly enough, called professional etiquette. If counsel were prohibited from accepting cases to which they could not give their attention, we should find men confining themselves to certain courts where they were always to be found, and the emoluments of the profession would be distributed more evenly and over a wider area. It is true such an arrangement would force upon "young barristers" the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the law by other methods than the holding of briefs; but it would lead to justice being much more carefully and efficiently administered, and that is by no means an unimportant consideration.

THE HEINOUSNESS OF DANCING.

WHATEVER may be the laxity of practice permitted in England with regard to social matters, we are never without a high and impressive standard of public morality. We may disregard its precepts, but we cannot ignore its presence. It is somewhat singular, however, that our ethical failings are so often rebuked by the severe and lofty virtue which we find practised in the northern half of this island. Scotland, as we know, has occasionally been the object of much persecution and misrepresentation at the hands of the

Registrar-General; and it is not uncommon to find our southern writers making use of that gentleman's contributions to our statistical knowledge in order to raise a godless shout of triumph over some weaknesses peculiar to that country. But Scotland, nevertheless, ceases not to raise her voice from time to time against the corruption of manners existing in the south. She regards her more luxurious sister with mingled anger and compassion; nor does she scruple to protest against those delinquencies which her austere prudery condemns and abhors. At this very moment we in the south are hopelessly given over to the sin of dancing. Night after night, and morning after morning, musicians—who may be regarded as the veritable assistants of the devil—are blowing and scraping their best; the most brilliant and seductive costumes and toilettes are added to the danger of the performance; and men and women are whirling round the circumference of rooms, unconscious of the vice and degradation to which they have fallen. It is that unconsciousness which Scotland arises to rebuke. We shall not perish unwarned. She takes up her prophetic trumpet—the bag-pipes might produce the contrary effect—to hinder us from ruining our souls by kicking our legs. The trumpet in this case being the Free Kirk, it will not surprise our readers to learn that the note of warning sounds remarkably like a bray; but that they may properly appreciate the importance of the protest which is addressed to the nation at large, we shall detail the particular circumstances which called it forth.

In dangerous proximity to the island of Islay—where are manufactured the Lagavulin and other whiskies which some people regard as the key to the problems exhibited by the Registrar-General—lies a long and narrow promontory, part of which is called Knapdale. In this remote district the Free Church of Scotland has erected for itself a temporary resting-place, the pastor of the little flock being a Mr. Ferguson. Now, among the sheep in Mr. Ferguson's ecclesiastical pen was a notorious delinquent. We cannot exactly call him a wolf; he might more accurately be described under the figure of an old bell-wether which had gone mad and was leading his companions into the paths of sin and wickedness. The name of this unruly member was Peter Clark. Of Peter Clark local history records but little. He is one of those men whom an inscrutable fate pounces upon and renders famous for no particular reason. We know nothing of his genealogical tree, of his education, or business in life; it is merely recorded of Peter that he danced. Some men become famous through the ingenuity of their heads; Peter awoke to celebrity through the dexterity of his heels. For eight years, as we learn, Peter Clark had given himself to dancing; he had gone to balls; it was known of him that he performed reels. Peter, in short, was the scandal of North Knapdale; a black sheep among Mr. Ferguson's snowy flock; a temptation to all the Argyle-shire youths and maidens; and a disgrace to the Free Kirk. There was a rod in pickle for him, however. Assured as the Kirk-session was of the punishment that awaited him in the next world, they thought it a pity that so abandoned a creature should not smart in this world also. Unfortunately there are no civil means by which a man may be prosecuted for dancing a Scotch reel—much as the fact is to be regretted; and so the Kirk-session had to bide its time until Clark should ostentatiously place himself in its power. This the incautious Peter accordingly did. He applied for a certificate of church membership. Such an application generally precedes removal to another church or parish; but we are not informed whether the erring man wished to go elsewhere, that his indulgence in the fatal habit he had acquired might not be restricted. So the Kirk-session met to consider the demand of this dangerous member, who seemed on the point of departing from their midst without having received a word of rebuke or admonition. It was at first resolved to refuse him this certificate, and so send him forth into the world branded with the mark of Cain. The pastor himself maintained that reels, strathspeys, and similar practices were not only "unseemly in a parent and communicant," but also "a bitter provocation to the Lord." The certificate "could not be granted without rebuking such scandal, and seeing proofs of repentance and reformation." Not being quite satisfied as to the legality of refusing a certificate, even on such important ground, the Kirk-session resolved to grant the document, with a codicil modifying its effect. Doubtless the Kirk-session fancied itself in the responsible position of a master giving a "character" to a servant who has only one great, but deadly, fault. It could not permit the dangerous Peter to become a snare to other flocks; and so the certificate was granted to him, with the addition of a clause warning all whom it might concern, that Clark had been guilty of dancing. "Mr. Clark," we are informed, "was certified as a communicant, but he was at the same time certified as a dancer." Had the certificates

been separate, they might have been equally valuable to the owner in a religious and professional point of view; together they stamped Peter as a man against whom extraordinary precautions had to be taken. Driven to his wits' end, Clark was forced to capitulate. He could not bear life with this stigma attached to him. He appeared before the session, humbly promised amendment, regretted his past errors, and begged for an unqualified certificate. Not even a Free Kirk session could withstand the utter humility of this appeal. They forgave the prodigal. They did not kill a fatted calf, for the parish of Knapdale is not a very rich one; nor does the Scotch mind love to testify its joy in fits of extravagance; but they gave him a bran-new certificate, with all mention of his crimes and offences excluded. This would have satisfied most men; but Peter was of a reflective, not to say suspicious, turn of mind. He remembered that the circumstances of his sin and its pardon must have been registered in the session-books; and so he demanded that any such reference should be expunged. This was regarded as a piece of unwarranted effrontery on the part of the forgiven criminal. The session would not pledge itself to any such thing; and so Peter—*anxious about the probity of his name*—appealed to the Free Presbytery of Inverary. That body, and the synod afterwards, responded to Peter's request in a favourable manner; and Mr. Ferguson and his elders were invited to remove those ugly reminiscences of an offence which had been forgiven and ought therefore to be forgotten. Mr. Ferguson was bold enough to say that this decision was a "winking at a practice which the Free Church once used to cast as a slur upon other churches." We are pained to learn that of all the churches in Scotland the Free is the only one which does not dance; and we should be sorry to hear that it had been deprived of its distinguishing characteristic through the evil condonation of the Presbytery. Mr. Ferguson is of our opinion; and has determined upon bringing the whole case before the General Assembly.

Meanwhile, let those who are pursuing this practice in ignorance of its criminality prepare to receive the decision—whatever it may be—of the Assembly. Should that august and somewhat mysterious body signify its disapproval of dancing, dancing must cease. No one will be inclined to risk ecclesiastical condemnation in this world, with its necessary results in the next, simply for the pleasure of spinning round on one's axis to quick music. What we are most afraid of is that the General Assembly will hastily legislate upon a subject of which it cannot know anything by experience. We should consequently advise the members to gain some practical knowledge of the matter by having one or two private performances, with closed doors. Mr. Spurgeon advocates the dancing of men among themselves; and we should be delighted to have the verdict of such an authoritative body as the General Assembly on the comparative merits and effects of polka, waltz, mazurka, reel, and strathspey.

PLUNGERS.

THE present rate and system of living is not confined altogether to the sort of expenses that can be entered in a book. The fact that society has become luxurious entails a corresponding use of sentimental resources of pleasure which may be compared to the amount of material objects now necessary for fashionable enjoyment. The term which we have borrowed from the "Ring," and placed at the head of this article, expresses more than a dive over head and ears in debt. We meet with social plungers every day. The plungers may be male or female, married or single. The diploma is gained by the simple process of dipping into forbidden regions of delight without taking a pass from Mrs. Grundy. There was a time when, if this was done, society at once came down upon the offender. Women gave the cold shoulder to sisters who were suspected of anything of the kind. The word "plunger" may now be heard in the best circles applied to young ladies who were formerly flirts. Of course, like every new term, it wants definiteness. Young gentlemen who have got hold of it use it as they do any other additional phrase which helps their limited stock and supplies them with one more idea. A girl who waltzes with great swiftness is a plunger; so is an actress who is bold and slangy in burlesque. But it is evident that so emphatic a word cannot long be permitted to be used only by our golden youths. It must serve more distinctive purposes than those to which they have brains enough to apply it. We can see many quarters in which it would be serviceable. There are in literature many writers who may well be called "plungers." The authoresses, for instance, who are constantly thrilling and foaming with

passion, and pulling their heroes and heroines over head and ears in love are plungers. They make daring descents into quarters hitherto regarded askance by people who believed in propriety. Poets who are favoured with visions of a character more pagan than correct, and whose works render critics virtuous, are notoriously plungers. But it is not a mere defiance of modesty which qualifies a man or a woman for the title. Mr. Whalley is a plunger in his own way. He is haunted with a dread of Jesuits, and his exceeding fear prevents him from feeling the least shame at being thought a fool. So he splashes and flounders until his eccentricities duly fit him for the name we refer to. Ireland has her political plungers in Colonel Knox and in Mr. Rearden. The latter is the fine type of the class, and has managed on several occasions during the session to ask questions which show that he has already dived below the regions of common sense.

What constitutes genius is after all but an exaltation of mind, not at all dissimilar in kind, though it is in degree, to the enthusiasm of sentiment which makes the plunger. Ordinary people who follow steady callings, who do the common commercial work of the day, never plunge; but with your financial genius the case is different. He plunges often enough, taking down plenty of money to steady his course, and if he fails to bring pearls for those who trust him, he never fails to produce the oyster shells. The successful financial plunger is the idol of the times. From him proceed those gigantic schemes for railways, monetary companies, and other speculations which make the fortunes of hundreds. On the Stock Exchange plunging transactions are common enough. Even art is not free from these erratic performances. The age demands sensation—"headers" lead the way for plungers. In pictures we believe the practice is in its infancy, the general aspect of the Academy, for instance, this year not being in the least suggestive of force or vehemence of any kind. There is one paper in which plunging leaders may be read every day. They are popular enough, those quaint literary exercises, with a certain set of people, who accept them for considerably more than they are worth.

There are numbers of men and women with almost uncontrollable tendencies towards vagabondism. You will find such people constantly in social perplexities, and now and then enveloped in a cloud of scandal. Mr. Lever, in his recent novels, is particularly successful in depicting them. They are to be found at all foreign baiting-places—at Nice, at Mentone, at Florence, at Baden, at Hombourg. Some of these plungers have gone down so far that they are never able to lift again their heads above water. Society does not altogether forgive a man for running away with his neighbour's wife, or for having bailiffs notoriously in his house, and being sold up. A plunger of this kind requires time to elapse before resuscitation sets in. Yet during those periods the plungers male and female lead no unhappy life. They belong to a race naturally as careless as butterflies. There is no greater mistake, with all due respect for the copy-books, than to suppose that that curious complaint known as the anguish of a guilty conscience pursues those who sin against good morals or the laws of the country. The plunger leaves his conscience on the brink of the stream before he goes in. And it is quite possible to conceive that he may have none to leave.

The plunger can lay claim to that bold quality recognised as "dash," which so often carries the possessor through difficulties which would utterly overwhelm weaker or more scrupulous persons. But besides that, he or she must be in the extreme cases entirely unembarrassed by domestic ties or feelings. The leap once taken, the plunger must not look round. And from all one can discern, this class of people is not the most unhappy. You will find a thoroughly virtuous, faithful father, husband, and taxpayer with gloom on his countenance and troubles scored on his forehead, while your plunger is taking his ease at some one's expense without a thought or a care for the morrow. He cannot be said, either, to be a mere adventurer, for he continues to plunge and plunge with as much regularity as any other business would impose on its follower, and he manages to subsist on the product. Who does not know a man among his acquaintance whose visible means have long ago disappeared, and who still continues to drag on in a mysterious fashion without a breakdown or a disaster of any kind, and who really seems to thrive and fatten upon his ruin? With women the case is different. For the female plunger there is little hope, except of course where the word is used in its most innocent connection—with waltzing, for instance. The reason for such a rule is obvious enough, and need not be dwelt upon. What would happen if our young ladies had it in their power to plunge at boarding-schools, as their brothers contrive to do at Oxford or Cam-

bridge? We should then, perhaps, give a cynic real cause for barking. As it is, however, the lady-plunging of the day is harmless enough. It is only in Paris or in New York that they ruin their husbands with milliners' bills. There is a great deal too much nonsense spoken and written on the subject of the dresses and habits of English ladies. Their plunging is only a mild and demure imitation of recklessness which gives a piquancy to their habitual reserve and guardedness. The odd pieces of slang which they pick up are taken off the road, like bits of old iron, for luck—half in superstition, half in fun. We have no fear for them. But male plungers are dangerously on the increase. The Turf, which supplies the word, complains bitterly through the betting men that noble lords plunge fiercely, furiously, and recklessly, until they become defaulters. Shopkeepers plunge, and so do their customers. Then we are told, as a sequel, that we are all living beyond our means, and that this state of things, including plunging, has been brought about by the nation having forgotten its old habits of frugality and self-denial. There may be some truth in this; though if, on the whole, people are happy as plungers who would be miserable if they paid their debts, we must only leave them to their own devices, and take care that we do not suffer from their partiality for being at once agreeable and dishonest.

THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

THE theatrical profession—if it aspires to the dignity of a profession—is the only one which is constantly appealing to the public in the form of benefits. Actors of all classes—bill-stickers, prompters, box-keepers, and even managers, are constantly appearing in the character of beggars. To hide the real nature of these appeals, a fine word has been imported from the other side of the English Channel. The term "beneficiaire" is used to designate the person who sends round the hat. Much in the same way as postmen tout for Christmas-boxes, or waiters for gratuities, the actor sells tickets for his benefit. No class feelings seem to be outraged by such touting, and it is, therefore, fair to assume that "the profession" sanctions benefits. Theatrical tradesmen know that they have to purchase a certain number of tickets in the course of the year, and they make their arrangements accordingly.

Looked at impartially from the outside of the theatrical profession, this custom, to say the least of it, would be far more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It either implies that the actor, unlike the author, the doctor, the lawyer, or the painter, is unable to obtain a fair wage for his talents, and is compelled to make an income by collecting gifts or imposing fines; or it implies that he is always ready to make an extra market of his popularity and public position without any regard for professional dignity. A well-paid, well-applauded actor, who is worshipped by many and tolerated by all, has no claim to these benefits. If any claim exists, it is surely on the side of the public. The great grocers, or butchers, or tailors, or hatters are not in the habit of sending round to their customers once or twice a year for great and little gifts, as acknowledgments of merit, but are rather in the habit of sending gifts to their customers as an acknowledgment of patronage. The actor is just as ready to acknowledge patronage, particularly from any Royal personage or person of distinction; but it is only in a speech addressed to such persons after they have paid a fancy price for the privilege of hearing it. He receives all, gives nothing, and demands more. The author who provides the entertainment is never asked to share in the gifts that are left in the plate, and is sometimes expected, if not asked, to pay for his seat at the table.

This system, so objectionable in many ways, is perpetuated by managers in town and country. A "star" (to use theatrical slang) is engaged, not at a fair straightforward price, but at a certain fixed sum and a "half-clear benefit." In other words, the "star" is asked to give his services to the house and the manager for a certain time at a nominal salary, with the chance of squeezing his fair remuneration out of his friends and the public. A theatre that avoids benefits is as rare as a black swan; and an actor who avoids benefits is quite as rare, if not rarer. Actors who feed on the breath of popular applause, who are never hissed even for showing the worst taste, or for supplying the worst acting, are prone to defend benefits on the ground that they give the public an opportunity of exhibiting their respect for the actor. The public who are always exhibiting their respect for the actor, are asked to exhibit it still more, and probably to tolerate bad pieces and bad acting because they are assisting at a benefit. It is notorious that many experiments on the patience of playgoers are made at benefits which would never be made at other times,

and a proof of this was shown at Mr. Paul Bedford's farewell benefit at the New Queen's Theatre last Saturday. Mr. Sothern attempted to amuse the public as a Dundrearyified Othello, using the words of Shakespeare and not the doggerel of some burlesque hack, and the public, much to the astonishment and disgust of the actor, declined to be amused with such an outrage on the national poet. Mr. Buckstone—the most popular and petted of low comedians—was induced to aid Mr. Sothern in the character of Iago, and had the good sense at the eleventh hour to attempt nothing more than a somewhat unskilful reading of the part. Miss Madge Robertson, a rising young actress, was also induced to degrade herself and her art by appearing in this scene in company with Mrs. Chippendale and Mr. Walter Gordon. When the sounds of honest disapprobation could no longer be disregarded, Mr. Sothern defended the buffoonery on the score that he was assisting at a benefit. The original sin of benefits not being enough, Mr. Sothern tried to add to it by every means in his power. If gentlemanly actors who take to the stage with the training of gentlemen cannot do more than this to uphold the dignity of their art, what are we to expect from inferior actors who have not had many advantages of education?

The spread of theatres, and the steady and consistent demand of enormous populations for theatrical and semi-theatrical amusements, ought to stimulate actors to throw off all such depressing vestiges of the days of their vagabondage as benefits and "ticket-nights." The growth of periodical literature has destroyed Grub-street, and enabled the industrious writer to obtain a respectable if not a luxurious living; and the theatrical profession ought to be quite as far above the low shifts and contrivances of Bohemianism.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

"HOW we drifted into a Ministerial crisis on Monday" is a story that ought to be told for the benefit of all future Ministers who attempt to govern the country by means of a minority in the Commons. The Ministerial crisis was neither intended nor foreseen by the Minister. His party had suffered two or three defeats and humiliations. They had eaten enough dirt for one night. So the Premier moved that the Chairman report progress, that he might have time to "educate" them up to the point of accepting Mr. Bouvier's amendment. They took the matter rather more *au sérieux* than was expected, and next day the simple motion to report progress had, almost by an accident, blossomed into a Ministerial crisis.

The House was full when public business began, in order to consider the terms of reference on which the Boundary Bill should be sent to a Select Committee. The matters in dispute were often confused and technical, but no objection was made to the names proposed by the Government—Mr. Walpole, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. Austin Bruce, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Kirkman Hodgson. The Boundary Bill having been disposed of, a great many members left the House, discussing, as they went, the probable interval before the Committee may be expected to report; the more sanguine giving them only a week, but the majority being of opinion that the inquiry will occupy from ten days to a fortnight. The Liberal members were in the main satisfied with having carried the Committee against the wish of the Government in the first instance, and the Ministry went into the Scotch Reform Bill under the shadow of defeat.

Mr. Baxter and the Scotch law officers have been for some time in communication, the Premier's wish having been to settle the points at issue by mutual compromise before the Scotch Reform Bill came before the House. Mr. Disraeli was willing to give up his proposal to increase the aggregate number of representatives of the House, which was thoroughly unpopular on both sides. He was also disposed to increase the number of additional representatives for Scotland from seven to ten. Mr. Baxter proposed to take the ten seats from the smallest single English-seated boroughs, while Sir Rainald Knightley proposed to take them from the smallest double-seated boroughs. The motion was exceedingly important, because it reopened the Distribution of Seats question in England, and virtually condemned the Ministerial scheme of last year as insufficient and incomplete. Yet Mr. Disraeli's tone was one of indifference, and he gave a very lukewarm support to Sir R. Knightley's amendment. Foreseeing that a Ministerial defeat was inevitable, and that whether the motion or the amendment were carried, it would involve the same condemnation of the distribution scheme of last year, the Premier affected

to regard promptitude of decision as the only thing about which he was particularly anxious. "Only make up your minds, gentlemen, and then let us get on with the clauses," was the tenor of Mr. Disraeli's speech before the division.

The House took the Prime Minister at his word. They affirmed Mr. Baxter's instruction, and the ten smallest English boroughs—Arundel, Ashburton, Dartmouth, Evesham, Honiton, Lyme Regis, Marlborough, Northallerton, Thetford, and Wells—found themselves in a new and righteous Schedule A.

But although Mr. Disraeli had treated Mr. Baxter's instruction with seeming indifference, the Ministerial benches could not forget that it was a complete abrogation of one of Mr. Disraeli's cherished principles. When, an hour or two afterwards, a second "vital principle"—the sacred principle of personal rating—also "went by the board," the smothered discontent and bitter humiliation of the Ministerial benches broke out into something like open mutiny.

As for the Liberals, they went into committee on the Bill at a quarter to nine in high glee. They had interpreted Mr. Disraeli's language as a declaration that the Scotch, like the English measure, was to be the Bill of the House and not of the Ministry. Believing, therefore, that the Government had practically invited them to amend, shape, and mould the clauses at their pleasure, with the single stipulation that they should use despatch, they took the First Minister at his word, and soon reached Clause 4. Mr. Bouverie then proposed an amendment, omitting the conditions which require the householder to be rated and to pay rates where rates are levied. This converts the Scotch Bill practically into a measure of household suffrage pure and simple, without any barrier to keep out the "residuum."

The House was thin, and the Government "whips" excuse themselves for being beaten by alleging that they did not expect a division so early. Nobody could have supposed from the listless and indifferent demeanour of the Ministerial benches that they attached any particular value or significance to the amendment. Mr. Disraeli had been absent during a good deal of the discussion, and left the defence of his "vital principles" to the Lord Advocate and Sir James Ferguson. When the question was put "that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the clause," the "Ayes" were thin, weak, and undecided, while Mr. Bouverie's "Noes" were loud, united, and triumphant. Not a single "Aye" was audible from the Treasury Bench, and when the decision of the chairman, "I think the Noes have it," was feebly challenged, there arose from the Opposition the cry of "Agreed! agreed!" which deprecates a division when those who are bringing it about appear to be undecided and certain of defeat.

The Committee, however, went to a division. Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Ellice were the Opposition tellers, while the Treasury "whips," Colonel Taylor and Mr. Whitmore, performed the same office for the Government. Mr. Bouverie was greeted with a hearty cheer when he announced the numbers—Ayes, 96; Noes, 118. It was a House of only 214 members. It is true that there were 127 pairs, and that 472 members, including the tellers, may be said to have either voted or paired. So many pairs during the dinner-hour indicate the excellence of party organization this session on both sides; but pairs during dinner-time are arranged upon the theory of the possibility of a "scratch" party vote, and had no reference to the specific question raised by Mr. Bouverie. It is alleged with some reason by the Ministerialists that, as Mr. McLaren had an instruction on the paper before going into Committee, followed by another by an Irish member, there was no reason to suppose that Committee would be reached before ten o'clock, when the "pairs" would have expired by effluxion of time, and the House would have exhibited its normal appearance.

The division having been announced, and some murmurs of discontent from the members behind him having reached the sensitive ears of the Premier, he moved, in a very low tone of voice, that the Chairman report progress, "that the Government may have the opportunity of considering their position in the light of the votes of this evening." The irritation of the Ministerial benches was increased by some patronizing advice from Mr. Bright, that there was no occasion for Mr. Disraeli's "obstinate persistence" in his course with regard to personal rating. Mr. Baillie Cochrane, whose borough had been disfranchised earlier in the evening, and who was not therefore in the most amiable temper, resented the advice given to the Premier by Mr. Bright, and repeated an opinion uttered by Mr. Vance last week, that "if Lord Derby had remained in office, the factious opposition of the last four weeks would have had no existence." It seems that "immediately the present Prime Minister came into power the Opposition was organized for the purpose of ousting him from office." This allegation

has come upon the Opposition as a surprise, for they have been quite unconscious of any such motive. They accordingly received Mr. B. Cochrane's assertion with cries of "Oh!" It cannot be doubted that the Prime Minister has given his followers the cue, and that he gives himself out as a martyr, and desires to be regarded as a victim to the personal hostility of Mr. Gladstone.

The ball was taken up by Mr. Liddell—son of Lord Ravensworth, and one of Lord Cranborne's Tory Cave—who, when Mr. Disraeli went to Osborne, and came back with a contingent and deferred dissolution in his pocket, boldly gave expression to an opinion then as now very common among the Conservatives, that the dignity and interests of their party would be best secured by a resignation. Mr. Liddell now again spoke in the same strain, and justified his disapproval of the conduct of the Government in not having resigned upon their defeat on the Irish Church question. The House, he said, paid no attention to the wishes of the Government, and seemed, indeed, to take a pleasure in thwarting its policy, and the Conservative party, accustomed night after night to defeat, was becoming powerless for good.

Sir Charles Russell, one of the new Conservative members for Berkshire, threw more fuel upon the fire. Rising just behind the Premier, he said:—"I earnestly hope that, having now arrived on the threshold of an appeal to some other authority outside the House (cheers and counter cheers), we shall no longer shrink from the result (Opposition cheers). I earnestly trust that her Majesty's Government will not do that which has been insinuated from the other side, namely, resign their offices (Ministerial cheers, and laughter from the Opposition)." And then Sir Charles gave us an expansion of the Vance-Cochrane discovery, that the question between the opposite sides of the House is not a question of principle with which the Irish Church has anything to do, but "a struggle for power between two men ("No, no!" and "Hear, hear!"), who by their intellect, by their industry, and by their many great qualities have singled themselves out from the ranks, and challenged one another to a great and signal issue. The one has got first to the top of the tree (cheers and a laugh). One wished," he added, "to displace his rival if he could, and that was the issue which the country had before it." This, then, it cannot be doubted, is the Disraelian version of the situation, which may or may not be really believed by Mr. Disraeli, and which has certainly been received by the Opposition, who ought to know, with amazement, incredulity, and something like contempt.

Sir L. Palk, rising from the second Ministerial bench, exalted the importance of the vote on Mr. Bouverie's amendment, "reversing as it did the whole principle on which the Bill was founded." He said, "I trust that the Government will, once for all, put an end to a state of things which is neither creditable to Parliament nor to the country, and which, in my opinion, is scarcely creditable to the Ministry itself." The Conservatives and the Opposition benches alike cheered Sir Lawrence Palk, who went on to suggest that the Government should abandon the Scotch Bill and appeal to the English constituencies formed by the Bill of last session. If they refused, he called upon them to resign, and place the Government of the country in the hands of the Opposition.

It was now time for the Liberal members to express an opinion upon the situation, and this was done in his usual earnest and impulsive fashion by Sir Patrick O'Brien. Rising from a group of Irish members on a back bench on the Opposition side below the gangway, Sir Patrick contended with great spirit that he and those who sat near him were vindicating principles rather than seeking to place their leader in office. When he protested against continuing these debates "with a dissolution tied round their necks," there were loud cheers from the Opposition, which were renewed when he said, "As a humble member of the Liberal party, I ask the Government not to resign, for I do not think that likely (laughter), but to appeal to the country." The Opposition cheers, it was observed, were not this time met by counter cheers from the Ministerial benches.

The Prime Minister sat all this time astonished, and probably not a little alarmed, at the defiant tone adopted by the gentlemen behind him, and their indignant demand that he should in some way or other put an end to a state of things which was becoming intolerable to them. Next day he found leading articles in the papers giving prominence to the declarations of Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Liddell, Sir C. Russell, and Sir Lawrence Palk, and calling upon the Government either to dissolve or resign.

Next day there was a full House, for a prompt dissolution of Parliament appeared to be certain, and the Opposition were

determined to put their mark upon such a step by a vote of censure, if not by a refusal to vote money on supply, without which Parliament could not be prorogued with a view to a dissolution. A Cabinet Council, suddenly convened, had been held at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury on Tuesday afternoon. It is said that there was a strong expression of opinion from the more high-spirited Ministers in favour of resignation. At half-past four the Premier came down to the House, and stated that he would announce on Thursday the course the Government would take on the Scotch Reform Bill. The crisis may be averted, and certainly two dissolutions within a few months will hardly bear to be thought about with any degree of patience. Perhaps the Premier could not help moving to report progress after two such defeats as Mr. Baxter's and Mr. Bouverie's. The train was already laid, and with so many elements of heat and combustibility an explosion was inevitable. But I shall always remain of opinion that this newest Ministerial crisis was equally undesired and unexpected by the First Minister of the Crown.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has been apparent for some time that the French Treaty of Commerce is regarded with hostility by some of the industrial interests of France, and for several days during this and the past week, its merits and demerits have been vehemently discussed in the Legislative body. In fact there has been a pitched battle in the Chamber between Free Trade and Protection. M. Thiers, enlisting himself under the banner of the latter, delivered one of his best speeches, as far as its eloquence was concerned, which filled nineteen columns of the *Moniteur*. But we are glad to see that the Government has not been weak enough to recede from its wise and liberal policy. On Wednesday, when the debate closed, M. Rouher declared positively that the Government would not retrace its steps. "To those," he said, "who ask that the Government should give notice of withdrawal from the treaty of commerce, we reply point blank—No!" He brought forward statistics to show the progress of French industry, and stated that France exported to European markets to the amount of 700,000,000 fr. more than England, and was only behind her as regards her exports to the East. By means of energetic competition, and by throwing off the shackles of timid councils, he hoped that the trade of France might rival that of England even in the East. A speaker on the other side having said that Mr. Gladstone had represented the treaty of commerce as being five times as advantageous to England as it was to France, M. Rouher read to the Chamber a letter from Mr. Gladstone denying that he had ever made use of the expression attributed to him. To leave no doubt of the policy of the Government upon this question, he said: "The Emperor has the constitutional right to conclude treaties of commerce, but the Government desire to have recourse to the future to the legislative powers when the question arises of reforming the Custom's tariffs, only it is to be held firmly to the path of progress."

So far, nothing can be more satisfactory. But while our sympathies go with the French Government in the matter of free trade, we must take exception to the limited power given to the French Chamber, which simply amounts to a permission to discuss the question, provided it will do so in the spirit the Government desires. It must be admitted that M. Thiers was in the right when, addressing the Ministry, he said—"I defy you to preserve at the Tuileries a power like this [the power of making the treaty], which belongs only to the nation. . . . I defy you to come here and say you will keep the power to yourselves of deciding upon the whole commercial policy of France, and I demand that the liberty be restored to us of deciding on it for ourselves."

BEFORE we leave this subject, it is worth while to notice the statement of the Paris correspondent of the *Guardian*, that it is impossible to read the speech of M. Thiers, or of M. Kolb-Bernard, and M. Puyser-Quertier, both of them practical manufacturers, or "to peruse consecutively at the same time the debates in the French and English Chambers, without being struck by the great superiority of the former in point of language and power of expression." He finds a simple explanation of this contrast in the difference of training in the schools of the two countries, and in the pains taken in France to teach

the French youth the right use of their own language—a discreet observance almost totally neglected in England. "If," he says, "you go into a French normal school, for example, when the fifth form, or 'classe de rhétorique,' as it is called, is with its professor, what do you find? You hear a number of young men reading alternately passages from the French theses they have composed on a given subject. Not much attention or criticism, perhaps, is bestowed on the subject-matter, which each pupil is left to make as good as he can. But the diction and expression—of that not a word is allowed to escape without being most severely overhauled. At every instant you hear from the Professor the remark, 'That is not French;' or, 'No, that is not well expressed; this is the phrase you should have used to convey the idea you wish to enunciate.'" Might we not profit by this example? No doubt we might; but shall we?

THE affairs of Italy are now in such a position that the exercise of a small amount of that patriotism of which the Italians have made such loud profession, will be sufficient to deliver the new kingdom from the only oppressor it has had to contend against—indebtedness. At a meeting of the members of the Right, which was held on Tuesday evening, and was numerously attended, the Minister of Finance delivered a speech, in which he urged the vital importance to Italian credit of passing the Grist-tax Bill, and the other financial measures, which would yield, he said, a total estimated benefit to the revenue of 110,000,000 lire. He, moreover, urged a numerous attendance in Parliament to secure the adoption of his measures; and he told the meeting that he had almost terminated negotiations for a financial operation to cover the deficit of the present year, and that, if this operation were carried out, no fresh issue of paper-money would be necessary. But in order to carry it out, it is essential that the Government measures should receive the sanction of the Legislature. If they are rejected, the capitalists who are otherwise prepared to cover the deficit of the present year, will withdraw, and Italy will fall back into her old position. It is, therefore, to be hoped that all Italians who wish well to their country will stand by the Government and enable it to carry its measures. They may depend upon it that factious opposition at such a crisis will be attended, should it succeed, with internal embarrassments and foreign discredit.

THE correspondence between the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Roman Catholic prelates on the subject of Irish Roman Catholic education, has been published. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, points out the following objections to the scheme contemplated by the Government:—

"1. There is no provision saving the authority of the Catholic prelates in matters appertaining to faith and morals; nor is the constitution so framed, as far as I can see, that under it such authority could be freely exercised.

"2. As a sequel to the foregoing, there appears to be no effective provision for the appointment of professors or other officers sound in faith and morals, or for the removal of such persons as might prove to be heterodox or immoral.

"3. Such definite appointment is vested, not in the Catholic bishops, but in the Senate, which is objectionable.

"4. The bishops ought to possess the power of at least an absolute negative on such appointments. I am not prepared to say that would suffice.

"5. In the constitution of the Senate there is too much of the lay element, too little of the clerical.

"6. The Chancellor named in the first instance by Government would, I presume, be his Eminence Cardinal Cullen. That would be due to his rank and position in the Catholic Church. After the first instance, the Chancellor ought to be elected by the Senate, not, as is proposed, by Convocation, and ought to be one of the four archbishops. A spirit of party might by-and-by animate the body of the graduates, and a person unfit for the high office of Chancellor might be elected were the office open to all.

"7. The number of the Senate is set down at twenty; yet, from its constitution, one would think it ought to be variable. The number of the Senate is made up of two elements, one invariable, the other variable: the former being eighteen, the latter being the heads of the affiliated colleges. Were the number to be fixed at twenty, it would follow that at no time could there be in the Senate more than two heads of affiliated colleges.

"8. A great objection to the proposed scheme is the want of a suitable endowment."

The prelates had an interview with Lord Mayo on the 24th of March, and drew up a memorandum in the spirit of the foregoing propositions. Lord Mayo replied, on the 11th of May, that the Government would refuse its assent to all the propositions. It argued little for the knowledge of Ireland

displayed by the Government that they could for a moment think that the bishops would accept any educational endowment of which they could not have the supreme control.

THE use of the military at elections in Ireland has been brought before the House of Commons by Serjeant Barry. We should be glad to believe that there was no necessity for their employment, but unfortunately the facts tell forcibly against the withdrawal of a machinery which should be put in motion with more precaution. The evil is due in a great measure to the violent conduct of the landlords in driving their tenants to the poll, and the soldiers and the Riot Act reading may disappear together when the Irish peasants can vote without fear of eviction. The case against the Lancers in Dungarvan was strongly stated by Serjeant Barry, but the House was not inclined to go back so far as would be required to deal with an occurrence which should have been pressed into publicity nearly two years ago. There is such a thing as a virtual statute of limitations to such debates in the Commons, and the custom works well.

SIR W. BOVILL has appointed his son to a Clerkship of Assize, and as the young gentleman was, only a year ago, a lieutenant in the Lancers, the appointment has been discussed in the press and in Parliament with a good deal of plain speaking. In reply to Mr. Hayter, who wished to know whether there was any precedent for such a strange preferment (the ex-lieutenant being the son of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas), the Attorney-General replied, with a candour which every one will appreciate, that "if the hon. gentleman meant to ask him whether there were any instance of a Clerk of Assize being appointed after having been a lieutenant of the 16th Lancers in the previous year, unquestionably he knew of no such instance." This very ingenious way of putting the case was received with thanks by Mr. Hayter, who, to show how satisfied he was with the explanation, added, "that he felt it would be his duty to move the reduction of the estimates by the amount of this salary." It is said, in support of the appointment, that from the time of Lord Tenterden, judges have always appointed their sons or relatives to this post, and that at the present time the clerkships of the three Superior Courts are held by gentlemen two of whom were only law students when they were appointed, while the third was engaged in the medical profession. Moreover, Mr. Bovill, since he quitted the Lancers, has entered the Temple with the view of being called to the Bar, has kept three terms, and is reading with an eminent junior counsel. But all this has not satisfied the House of Commons that he is a proper person to have been appointed to a post requiring at least some legal knowledge, and whose duties are compensated by the liberal sum of £1,000 a year. Under these circumstances, the Government have undertaken to look into the question of the salaries of Clerks of Assize in general. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also stated that Mr. Bovill's salary had not yet been fixed. It would be a pity that Clerks of Assize in general should have to suffer because this young gentleman has held a commission in the Lancers; but if their duties are so nearly nominal that a law student who has kept three terms can perfectly discharge them, they are very much overpaid with £1,000 a year. If, on the contrary, their performance is worth that sum, Mr. Bovill ought not to have been appointed.

ONE of the clerical agents advertises the fact that his private list for May contains the unprecedented number of 100 Church livings for sale at prices from £250 to £25,000. It looks very much as if the old birds were preparing to leave their nests in case a reformed Parliament should direct attention to the English as the present Parliament has already done to the Irish Church. A few years ago it might have been easy to reform the abuses of the Protestant Church in Ireland, but they were left to bear fruit until fully ripe, and it has now fallen from the tree. Can nothing be done in England whilst there is yet time and opportunity? This is a question which all true Churchmen should be prepared to answer. It will not bear delay, and it is not eventually to be avoided.

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the rampant vulgarity of many of the names assumed by the singers at the music-halls, but many of these performers are open to blame for an offence that is far more serious than any error of taste. There is scarcely a name of any value in the theatrical world

that has not been stolen at some time or other by comic and sentimental singers, who figure as Buckstones, Santleys, Sherringtons, Robsons, Sedgwicks, Addisons, Leclercs, and others, without having the slightest claim to these well-known titles. In some cases the performer is not satisfied with stealing the surname of a theatrical celebrity, but takes the Christian name as well, of course with the avowed purpose of trading under false pretences. These appropriated titles are duly advertised in the pages of our theatrical contemporaries with an unblushing effrontery that can only be accounted for on one supposition. "Professionals," as they are loosely and generally called, have been accustomed for so many years to work under fancy names, some taken from Minerva-press novels, and others manufactured by an easy process which gives them a curious foreign flavour and aspect, that it is only charitable to assume that all sense of right and wrong has been blunted. It is one thing, however, to take the name of Mortimer de Sinclair or Agnes de Vere from a book, or to turn the very commonplace Smith and Johnson into Smithirini and Johnsoni, and another thing to seize the appellation of a celebrated living comedian or tragedian. The "champion comiques," "excelsior dancers," "silver-toned tenors," "fascinating serio-comics," "sensation duettists," "coloured comedians," and "boneless miracles" of the music-halls are quite able to keep their ground without any such dishonesty. They have no hold upon their audiences that is strengthened by the use of such names, and the moment they emerge from the obscurity of their programmes, and advertise their abilities in the journals devoted to theatrical and music-hall business, the full extent of their dishonesty is at once made manifest. The trading classes are subjected to similar impositions, but they immediately punish the impostors by an appeal to the law. It was only the other day that a spurious "Clicquot & Co.," engaged in the sale of champagne, were heavily fined in a French law court, and ordered to discontinue using the name in a way to mislead their customers. The professional classes are much slower in protecting their rights, and are consequently the most frequently victimized. If "Boz" had fought as vigorously for his trade-marks as Bass there would probably have been fewer literary forgeries.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT, who is so anxious that the rights of literature and the drama should be preserved from the poachers, many of whom he claims to have destroyed with the "vermin powder" of the law, is reminded by the *Star* that the plot of his most successful play was the invention of an Irish author, whose family never received the least benefit from the performances on which Mr. Boucicault was assessed for a princely amount of Income-tax. We do not know what his answer would be to this pointed suggestion, but no doubt he would not be at a loss for one. His new venture, by the way, is, we understand, about to be launched first in Leeds. The story is not yet concluded in *Once a Week*, and so well is the agony worked up, that unless the publishers anticipate the state of feeling amongst the readers of *Once a Week* on the subject by issuing the tale complete in three volumes immediately, we are inclined to think that many young ladies may rush off to Leeds to see how the hero and heroine came in happily together at the finish.

THE amenities of religious urgency in tract literature and elsewhere may be worth a little attention on the part of certain pious humourists. An inoffensive-looking gentleman, while looking in at a small periodical shop window last Sunday, was accosted by a respectably and seriously dressed young person with, "Will you have a tract, sir?" The inoffensive gentleman happened to be studying a picture in the *Police News* of the storming of Magdala and death of Theodore, and, not unnaturally, turned short round upon the earnest young person with a twinkle in his eyes. This she misinterpreted. Looking shocked, she paused over the selection of the tract, and then gave a printed slip to the gentleman, who lifted his hat and thanked her. The printed slip contained a parody of a well-known hymn, and began with the words:—

"Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,"—

a delicate compliment to the personal appearance of this unoffending gentleman. How many hundreds of innocent young girls, with consciences as sweet as the palms of their hands, have been bewildered by vehement appeals on the ground that there was mercy even for the vilest! We once heard a Millerite preacher, in a bitter, frosty January, make the following announcement:—"There will be a baptizing in this place on Thursday evening. It would be a fearful thing if the Lord

should appear in the clouds of heaven, and you should be shut out of the kingdom! Repent, and be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus! The water will be warmed. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!" Might we venture to commend that humane touch, "the water will be warmed," to the purveyors of tract literature and the like?

THE Lord Mayor of London has been roused up to interfere with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and has been acting, to say the least of it, rather indiscreetly. The Corporation questions altogether his lordship's authority to quote them as supporting his views, and it is not unlikely that we have not heard the last of this unseemly partisanship. The gentlemen who have been misrepresented by the appearance of the Mayor in his assumed capacity, should make a counter demonstration.

IN a recent school inquiry, Mr. Bompas, the assistant commissioner, says that the Welsh have a great love of knowledge. They still retain in many districts a taste for the native tongue, although its decay is implied in the circumstance that it is considered in some parts to be unfashionable for the girls to speak it. If the women agree on this point, we shall soon, perhaps, have some pronounceable names written in the Welsh railway stations. The connection supposed to exist between the Welsh, the Scotch, and the Irish is marked by this common desire for learning, which is not so usual in English rural districts. The heat of the religious sentiment is also shared by these three peoples, but the Welsh and Scotch figure in a certain list of the Registrar-General's to which we have, concerning the latter, referred elsewhere, to an extent which the Irish do not approach.

THE papers this week publish full accounts from their several correspondents of the taking of Magdala and the death of Theodore. They are interesting from the novelty of the affair, but that is all. It is now certain that the Emperor died by his own hand, and it is conjectured that the pistol with which he shot himself was one of those sent him by her Majesty, in acknowledgment, as the inscription expressed, of his kindness "to her servant Plowden," whose book on Abyssinia, published posthumously, we recently noticed. Theodore made a dreadful preparation for death by assisting at the slaughter of three hundred Abyssinian prisoners.

THE Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund have published their fourth annual report, which may be had at Messrs. Rivingtons, or at the offices of the Fund, Pall Mall. From it we learn that the total amount expended for the year 1867 was £60,423. 17s. 5d. The Fund has now been in existence for five years. It was originally established by the present Bishop of London with a view to overtake the spiritual destitution of the metropolis, and the intention was to raise £100,000 a year for ten years. The Committee have not met with the success they anticipated. Up to the end of last year the amount received was only £235,047. 6s. 5d., which is at the rate of about £55,000 a year; but, in addition to this, a sum of £73,291. 10s. 2d. had been promised, so that there was a grand total of £308,338 paid and promised during four years and seven months. It will thus appear that the receipts have fallen short of the expectation. The committee, however, observe that "in estimating the amount of progress in the diocese, the amount received by the Fund bears but a very small proportion to the total amount contributed for spiritual purposes in the diocese of London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, by diocesan societies, and by private benefactors." They quote from the Bishop's Charge in 1866 a statement to the effect that "no less a sum than £853,000 had been contributed in the diocese by benevolent individuals and societies, while £530,000 of capital had been expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in endowments, and in otherwise satisfying local claims." The amount contributed to the Bishop's Fund is, they say, "in fact but an approximate measure of the work which is going on in the diocese—a single grant, as, for example, of £1,000 or £1,200 for a church, eliciting four or five times that amount from local or other benefactors."

THE *Times* has an article upon the absence of the Queen during a political crisis, and when it is all important that she should be near enough to be consulted by Mr. Disraeli. The

Times says:—"The session of Parliament does not occupy so large a space in the year as to render a residence in the southern portion of this island irksome from its duration, and the great Royal Palaces of London and Windsor, to say nothing of Osborne, are kept up in order that the sovereign may have a fitting habitation while performing duties necessary to the State." This is bold language enough, but it is warranted by the circumstances. The nation was both patient and respectful during those years in which Her Majesty mourned Prince Albert with a devotion which withdrew her almost completely from her subjects; but there is a strong feeling prevalent now, that the functions which the Queen should exercise ought not to be done at second-hand, or neglected, as they have been in some recent instances, altogether.

THE Prince of Wales has been received with great enthusiasm at Leeds. It is to be hoped that some practical benefit will result from this exhibition. Up to the present, it cannot be said that these displays have at all answered the expectation formed of them. Despite the liberal collection of handsome ware at South Kensington and elsewhere, plates as bad as the willow pattern, and designs on dishes which would disgrace a primitive nation, are constantly sold in the shops. Wall paper has improved in this way, and so have carpets, geometrical figures having now almost universally been adopted as a groundwork, in preference to the unartistic and meaningless flowers. In glass we have really made a step in the right direction; but there is great room for improvement in furniture. Referring again to the South Kensington Museum in this connection, we might inquire the object of its promoters in purchasing a roomful of Italian coffers which look for all the world like English kitchen-bins?

THE particulars which have been received respecting the attempted assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh show that the guilt of the act was limited to the actor. It seems that the wretched man had depraved an intellect originally above the ordinary mark by drink, in which he had indulged to such an extent that he had become the victim of *delirium tremens*. He was still, however, responsible for his actions. Of course, the loyalty of the colonists was promptly and sincerely expressed, and by none more zealously than by the Irish Catholics in New Zealand, who, no doubt, felt that as the assassin's nationality was their own, there was a special reason why they should emphasize their genuine indignation at his atrocious attempt. News of it reached them on St. Patrick's-day, and just as a hundred Irishmen were assembling to celebrate the festival of their patron saint at a public banquet. The festivity was at once countermanded. "The Roman Catholic bishop and clergy," writes the Tasmanian correspondent of the *Guardian*, "were among the principal guests, and were foremost in recommending the abandonment of the dinner."

THE annual Alliance meeting held in Exeter Hall this week was attended by most of the prominent apostles of temperance. The chairman, in alluding to the House of Commons (of which he was himself a member), stated that it was afflicted with "a heated imagination," the cause of which he would not advert to. He ascribed the capture of Magdala to the fact that the soldiers had been deprived of their usual allowance of rum before the engagement. This speech savoured strongly of the famous report "of the Brick-lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association." A "working tanner" spoke on behalf of the "elevation and general benefit of his own class," and the other classes present cheered him. On the whole, however, there was perhaps less of teetotal fanaticism and intolerance shown on this occasion than is customary amongst the "Alliance" supporters.

THE system of charitable institutions endeavouring to support themselves by lotteries should not be encouraged, however worthy the objects may be which are designed to be served by so questionable a means. If people are interested enough in a Reformatory to assist it out of their pockets, it is surely more decent and more seemly that they should do so directly without being induced to part with their money from a mixed feeling of religion and gambling. Recently, however, the matter was brought under the notice of the Government in a way which suggests that, though lotteries for philanthropic purposes are forbidden by law, the motives which impelled the informers

to set the law in motion were so discreditable that, for the present at least, it would be as well to let the subject rest.

A CURIOUS tax is imposed upon the art of sculpture in Canada. It appears that Canadians have a fancy for setting up colossal statues, and the revenue has placed an impost on all effigies "not of a natural size." There is considerable difficulty in collecting this duty, and it has been suggested that the height of the appraiser's wife should be the standard. "The wife of the Minister of Customs," writes a correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*, "should be the standard, and her height should be put on the tariff, so that travelling Canadians might state the size required when giving a commission to an artist."

THE artisan classes and the poorer tradesmen very naturally complain of the difficulties they experience in trying to get decent lodgings in London, and the efforts they are compelled to make to suit themselves in the suburbs. It would seem, however, that some of the railway companies stick on fifty per cent. to the fares as soon as they find a sufficient number of regular travellers who are almost obliged to submit to the system. The case is one of great hardship, and yet it is not easy to propose a remedy. Would it be possible for the classes who suffer under this grievance to form a large building association, purchase some ground outside town, and erect cottages, from which vans, charging fares at the same rates as the busses, could convey them up every morning?

THAT abomination, the "Confessional Unmasked," has been at last taken off the streets, and, according to Mr. Hardy, its title is now used to attract the fools who buy the advertised nastinesses of Holywell-street. We recommend the *Tomahawk*, which has gone in for a vigorous scalping of impure quacks and impure writers, to make a raid upon the sellers of photographs; the subject is not a new one, but the merchants of the wares to which we allude have had a considerable spell of immunity, and are gradually growing more audacious in their exhibitions. The police interpretation of Lord Campbell's Act is far too liberal.

WE have reason to be proud of what used to be termed the march of intellect. Mr. Home is become an important personage, and considered worth elaborate notes from Professor Tyndall and Mr. G. Lewes, while the *Daily Telegraph* this week advertises a "child's caul" for sale. What with our Dr. Cumming in divinity, Mr. Tupper as a poet, Colonel Knox as a defender of the faith, and Mr. Disraeli as a Prime Minister, our representative-men are selected with a judgment which will do us infinite credit with posterity.

A WOMAN died this week under the treatment of an unlicensed and unaccredited practitioner, who simply doctored her to death with pills. Why do not medical men, for their own sakes, establish some active society for the suppression of quacks? They would have the sympathy and support of every one in such a movement. In some neighbourhoods, in Westminster and Chelsea, for instance, depots for the sale of dangerous nostrums are very frequent, and there is reason to suspect that they promote the same sort of mischief even in a viler fashion than the baby-farmers.

CONSOLS are quoted $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ with dividend for money, and $93\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ ex dividend for the account (June 4). English funds have been steady, with a slight improvement. Very little business has been transacted in the railway market and prices show a general decline. Foreign securities have given way, the demand having slackened towards the end of the week. Bank shares are firmer, with a limited business. Financial shares remain unaltered. Miscellaneous shares are likewise inactive.

THE biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were to Calcutta £193,100, and to Madras £1,900. The minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. 11d. on both Presidencies, and tenders thereat will receive about 38 per cent., those above being allotted in full. No tenders on Bombay were invited. These results show no revival in the demand

for means of remittance to the East. The Stock Exchange Committee have passed the following resolution:—"That, in the absence of any opposition, the committee do not consider it advisable to withhold official quotation from the New Spanish Three per Cent. Bonds, 1867, but record their dissatisfaction at the conversion of Passive Bonds having been accompanied by a compulsory payment of money." The committee have also ordered the £234,000 General Mortgage Six per Cent. Sterling Bonds (£200 each, redeemable 1st July, 1910) of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to be quoted in the official list. The following gold ships are announced to have sailed from Melbourne for England:—The *Niagara*, with 25,446oz.; the *Thyatira*, with 31,409oz.; the *Great Britain*, with 79,317 oz.; the *Wellesley*, with 6,850 oz.; the *Reigate*, with 7,733 oz.; and the *Marpesia*, with 32,665 oz., making a total of £733,680, which, with about £350,000 previously announced to be on its way to England, raises the aggregate to £1,083,680. In consequence of the reduction in price, the sum paid for raw cotton imported into the United Kingdom has sensibly declined this year. In the two months ending February 29 the value of the raw cotton received was £4,685,843, against £6,264,889 in the corresponding two months of 1867, and £10,055,150 in the corresponding two months of 1866. American cotton figured in these totals for £3,401,177, £3,309,885, and £5,246,388 respectively. It is stated that a fresh Danubian Loan is likely to be introduced shortly, with the view of enabling the Roumanian Government to fund a part of the floating debt in the country, the total amount of which is several millions sterling. The proposal is understood to be to issue a Nine per Cent. stock.

At the annual meeting of the National Provincial Bank of England, Mr. R. B. Wade in the chair, a bonus of 7 per cent. was declared payable in July next, making with previous distributions 21 per cent. for the past year on the paid-up capital of £1,080,000, leaving the reserve, invested in Government securities, £259,706. Mr. Alexander Robertson, on retiring from the position of joint general manager, was elected to a seat on the Board. The amount of deposits held by the bank is £13,104,680, and the liabilities on acceptances are £350,008. The cash in hand is £2,058,403, and the Government securities held are £2,524,688. At the meeting of the proprietors of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China it was stated that the net profits for the past year amounted to £106,335, of which £45,000 has been paid in two half-yearly dividends, and £47,882 appropriated to meet losses arising out of the losses arising out of transactions of the previous twelve months. The balance is £13,452, which the directors have placed as a special reserve against the remaining old accounts. At the meeting of the shareholders of the Mersey Steel and Iron Company in Liverpool steps were approved to reduce the capital of the company to £500,000, and to convert the shares into 40,000 shares of £12. 10s. each, instead of £20 each, leaving £1 still liable to be paid upon them. An extraordinary meeting of the British Shipowners' Company (Limited) will be held on the 25th inst. at Liverpool, when a resolution will be proposed for reducing the capital from £2,000,000 to £1,000,000 by a reduction of the shares from £20 to £10 each. At the half-yearly meeting of the Anglo-Egyptian Banking Company (Limited), the directors' report was adopted, and an *ad interim* dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum declared.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

SINCE our last notice of the two opera establishments there has been no event calling for very special comment. At the Royal Italian Opera Mdle. Adelina Patti and Mdle. Pauline Lucca have continued to exercise their wonted attraction, the former having appeared as Amina in "La Sonnambula," one of her best parts, and in Donizetti's weak "Don Pasquale," an opera which derives a factitious interest from such admirable comedy and exquisite vocalization as Mdle. Patti brings to her performance of Norina. The opera, however, still requires the aid of greater force and geniality of humour, in the representation of the character of Don Pasquale than Signor Ciampi's somewhat hard and dry style can give it.

At Her Majesty's Opera Signor Mongini has returned, and will be especially welcome in the present dearth of good stage tenors. The gentleman who made a sudden appearance as Raoul in the "Huguenots" on Thursday week, made as sudden a disappearance, and need, therefore, not be commented on.

The next event of special interest at this house will be the forthcoming performance of Auber's "Gustave," which is to be given in a more complete shape than in its previous mutilated productions in this country.

The preparations for the approaching Handel festival are now assuming an air of completeness. A great rehearsal of the London Amateur Festival Choir (upwards of two thousand voices), was held at Exeter Hall yesterday (Friday) week. This great body of choristers forms the important nucleus (far more than half) of the choral performers engaged for the occasion. The rehearsal of some of the principal choruses of the miscellaneous (the second) day was in a high degree satisfactory—evinced, indeed, marked progress since the last festival. The volume of tone, readiness and precision of execution of this great choir, with only the slight support of a pianoforte accompaniment, were truly remarkable, and gave good promise of the splendour of the coming performances.

The third New Philharmonic concert, on Wednesday night, presented the special features of Mdlle. Patti's vocal performances and Herr Rubinstein's pianoforte playing. It is quite unnecessary again to say how exquisitely that lady sings "Una voce," and "Ah! non giunge," and "Home, sweet home," with which the encore of the second piece was replied to. Herr Rubinstein's performance of Beethoven's splendid concerto in G was so good that it ought to have been better. That he is a great player there can be no question—his execution and mechanical powers are unbounded, combining the extremes of force and delicacy. His phrasing, too, is full of point and intention, and there is an earnestness and a character in his playing, which give it a distinct individuality. At the same time there is an occasional redundancy of energy and an exaggeration of emphasis that are somewhat too demonstrative. His introduced *cadenzas* were especially open to this objection, being mere displays of elaborate execution; with the sole intention, apparently, of exciting wonder at mechanical difficulties surmounted. The *Andante* of the concerto, however, was played with a subdued expression and an absence of self-assertion, that proved Herr Rubinstein's possession of much higher qualities than those of mere manual dexterity. Both in the concerto and in two solo pieces of Schumann and Liszt's transcription of the Erl-King, Herr Rubinstein was received with special demonstrations of applause. The symphonies at the concert referred to were Haydn's in G. (Letter V), and Mendelssohn's "Italian"—the overtures Weber's "Der Freyschutz" and Cherubini's "Les Abencérages"—the solo singers, in addition to Mdlle. Patti, Mdlle. Clara Doria and Signor Fancelli.

Mr. Henry Leslie's last orchestral concert of the season took place also on Wednesday night, when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was again given, and again received with delight. The other orchestral pieces were Herold's overture to "Zampa," Mr. Leslie's to "The Templar," and Auber's to "Masaniello." A short selection from "Acis and Galatea," with Mdlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley as solo singers; Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my prayer," by Mdlle. Titiens and chorus; with other solos, and madrigals by the choir, completed the programme of vocal music, which was varied by two instrumental solo performances—Mr. Blagrove's expressive playing of Beethoven's beautiful Romance for violin, and Miss Madeline Schiller's very brilliant and effective performance in one of Weber's most original and romantic pieces, the "Concert-Stück," for pianoforte and orchestra. Miss Schiller's execution of this difficult work was characterized by both power and lightness of touch, distinctness of articulation and phrasing, and unflagging impulse and vivacity. It was a performance of special merit throughout, and produced such an impression as to call forth loud and long applause.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Symphony No. 5 (The Reformation), composed in the Year 1830. By Felix Mendelssohn. (Op. 107.) Full score. *Symphony No. 5, &c., arranged for two performers on the Pianoforte.* By Joseph Barnby. (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—We have on several occasions spoken of the performance of this fine work—on its first production at the Crystal Palace concert of November 30 last year, and on its repetitions there and elsewhere. Of the high merits and special characteristics of the composition, and the boon conferred on the world of music by its release from among the many reserved manuscripts of Mendelssohn, there is little to add to what we have already said on the subject. A perusal of the work in its original shape, as produced by the composer for a full orchestra, confirms, and even strengthens, all that we have hitherto felt and said of its elevation and beauty of style, its masterly power of conception

and construction, and the varied and special orchestral effects which it contains—effects answering to the skilful disposal of colours and tints in a great picture by a great artist. Of its beauties and characteristics it is unnecessary to say more than we have already said, our office being now merely to point out the value of the present publication of the score to all students and connoisseurs of high musical art. If merely for its admirable instrumentation, and the masterly power and variety of the orchestral effects, the work in this shape is invaluable. It is beautifully engraved and printed in the convenient form of large octavo.

The duet arrangement aims apparently rather at facility of execution than at an elaborate reproduction of the complex instrumental effects. If it cannot compare with those masterly arrangements of his works which Mendelssohn in many instances (fortunately for the world of piano-forte players) himself made; or with such adaptations as those of contemporary artists like Herr Rietz, Herr Reinecke, Madame Schumann, and others who have produced such admirable transcriptions, for the piano-forte, of orchestral works; Mr. Barnby's arrangement has at least the merit of being simpler and offering less difficulty in execution. We might have wished one or two points somewhat differently rendered; but such cases of difference of reading will always occur in the execution of such a task; as in a translation of a literary work into a foreign tongue, no two translators would render it precisely alike. We must, however, take strong exception to Mr. Barnby's interpretation of the three closing bars of the *allegro vivace* in B flat, where the ascending violin passages (given to the *primo* player) are suddenly cut short and the phrase left incomplete, although it could easily have been continued in conjunction with the descending thirds of the clarinets.

Espanola. By George Forbes. (Boosey & Co.)—This is a well-written fantasia for the pianoforte, the pervading theme being a *bolero* of very elegant and graceful character, which is amplified and embellished by some brilliant and effective passage writing. Without being difficult, it affords excellent opportunity for display; and, not being long, it is especially available for drawing-room performance.

Household Music. (Boosey & Co.)—We have here six numbers of a publication containing pieces, vocal and instrumental, in all styles, popular and classical; published at the marvelously low price of sixpence each part. Of the cheapness of the work some notion may be formed when we state that one number (the fifth) contains ten pianoforte pieces, five of them by Heller, Reissiger, Czerny, Schumann, and Henselt,—any one of these worth the price charged for the whole. The work is neatly and clearly engraved, and printed on toned paper.

The Beacon that lights me Home. Ballad. By J. L. Hatton. (Boosey & Co.)—This is another pleasing song by one who, like Mr. Sullivan, has contributed largely and well to the stock of drawing-room vocal music.

Sister Star. By F. Gevaert. (Metzler & Co.)—This is a very elegant and melodious duet, for two equal voices. If the sentiment is not so deep as the words might seem to require, there is a neatness of style and a peculiar French grace of character which are at least charming if not impressive. M. Gevaert, a Belgian, is well known as one of the popular composers of the day—his last production, "Le Capitaine Henriot," brought out at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1864, increased even his former popularity.

"Earth is no lasting Place." Cantique. By C. Gounod. (Metzler & Co.)—This is a piece of extreme, even psalm-like, simplicity—the words translated by Mr. Farnie. The music, which makes no demands on executive display, admits of much expression by a singer of feeling.

The Fairy Voyage ("Où voulez-vous aller?"), by Charles Gounod (Metzler & Co.), is a very graceful barcarolle, now published with English words. Notwithstanding the simplicity of both melody and accompaniment, there is much charm and character about this piece.

"In the Summers long ago." By A. S. Sullivan. (Metzler & Co.)—This is a charming song, in which the simple ballad style is admirably preserved, without any approach to the commonplace character which too frequently belongs to pieces of that class. Mr. Sullivan's song, on the contrary, is refined and graceful throughout—the melody, while extremely pleasing, both facile and vocal; and the accompaniment, easy as it is, bearing the unmistakable trace of the hand of a cultivated musician.

Hemy's Royal Modern Tutor for the Pianoforte. (Metzler & Co.)—This work, of which we have before spoken favourably, has now reached its thirty-first edition—proof sufficient that its merits are appreciated.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ALEXANDER SMITH.*

WHEN Alexander Smith, after his first flush of success with his "Life-Drama," found that he was not likely to take a permanent place as a poet, he turned his attention to prose composition, partly as a means of augmenting the very modest salary he received as secretary to the Edinburgh University, and partly as a method of literary expression, now that the form to which he was most inclined had been discouraged by the critics. We are not sure but what the change was for the better. Though possessing unquestionable poetical gifts, Alexander Smith had perhaps hardly sufficient originality, sufficient force of character, sufficient energy of creativeness, to make a poet of conspicuous mark. When we say "sufficient originality," we are not in any way reviving the old charges of plagiarism: we mean simply that it is doubtful whether he would have added anything to the stock—whether he would not have merely repeated, though with elegance, and feeling, and true sense of beauty, the prevailing ideas and sentiments of contemporary poetry. Now, in a poet the want of strongly expressed individuality is a serious drawback; but in a prose writer—especially of criticisms and essays—the thing is not of so much importance. And Alexander Smith had a certain quiet, meditative individuality, which gave character to his prose writings, and lifted them out of the ordinary crowd of miscellaneous contributions to the periodicals of the day. The most noticeable quality of his mind we take to have been a dreamy thoughtfulness, finding expression in the concrete images of poetry. This admirably fitted him for essay-writing, but was not a sufficiently active faculty for the higher work of the Muses. Such a disposition may produce, and in Smith's case it *did* produce, very charming and even striking poetry; but it cannot effect great or original results. The public instinctively feel this; and we suspect that the public know a good deal more about poetry than solitary critics and disappointed geniuses like to allow. The best proof of the fact is that great poetic power is almost invariably recognised at once. Even a man holding unpopular opinions, like Shelley, or a man choosing the most wilfully obscure and difficult forms for the expression of his meaning, like Mr. Browning, takes his stand very quickly, and is recognised by "the many-headed beast" (whom Mr. Tennyson should certainly have been one of the last to fling a stone at) as possessing his place by right of a mysterious commission. With equal quickness the public discern and appraise the second-rate poet, though they may make a mistake about him just at first. To speak the plain truth, the public found out after awhile that Alexander Smith was not one of the inspired singers, uttering new forms of beauty and delight, though doubtless a very graceful and attractive poet of a certain sort; and Smith, with excellent sense, took the verdict quietly, though no doubt regretfully, and turned his face to other fields. As an essayist he had many admirable qualities. When his volume entitled "Dreamthorp" came out in the summer of 1863, we gratefully recognised it as containing a large amount of genuine stuff, quaintly and brightly adorned by a rich and active fancy, and touching with a tender depth of emotion on some of the most solemn issues of life. The two volumes, "A Summer in Skye," which appeared in 1865, may also be classed under the head of essay-writing, for they were so discursive as to touch on a hundred different points of thought, which they mooted with the true essayist's love of thinking about a thing rather than propounding any exact dogma, or insisting on any precise conclusion. In this work Alexander Smith exhibited in a remarkable degree a power which he had already manifested more fragmentarily and incompletely in "Dreamthorp"—the power of writing descriptions of scenery which start out of the page like actual painted pictures. "A Summer in Skye" is full of such pictures—vividly yet delicately coloured, or grave with the sombre atmosphere of the North, but in either case strangely, almost spectrally, informed with an intense, yearning, mournful sense of the mystery and fragility of all mortal things. As we read, we see the wild, half-solitary, beautiful island rising out of the mists of distance, and catch the sailing shadows on its hills, and hear the sound of its numerous waves in bay and creek, and are made to think of other shadows that have human names, and other waves that break upon eternal shores.

The volume now before us contains the latest essays of Alexander Smith, collected from various periodicals in which

they first appeared. We are glad to have them in a compact form, but we need not conceal our opinion that they are hardly equal to the papers in "Dreamthorp." There is less of freshness in them, and with the diminution of freshness we see more distinctly the faults of the author's style. In discussing the writings of Mr. Hannay, in the present volume, Alexander Smith remarks very truly that that writer is too fond of indulging in intellectual fireworks—continual epigrams and "good things," thrown in upon every conceivable occasion, and sometimes without any occasion at all, but simply for the sake of being witty. It is strange that Smith did not see that this was conspicuously an error of his own style. He gives an instance of it in the very passage in which he blames Mr. Hannay for the same mistake. He says of that gentleman:—"His thought is continually condensing itself into epigram. And then his wit has a certain something of poetry about it, which makes it all the more delightful; it is continually going about with a flower of fancy in its hand. In 'Satire and Satirists,' Mr. Hannay, like all very clever young men, is somewhat spendthrift of his means. He is always giving sovereign 'tips,' so to speak. Some of his pages are as brilliant and dangerous with squib and serpent as a London pavement on Coronation night. He cracks his satirical whip for the mere pleasure he has in hearing it. If the occasion requires it, he fires off his rockets, and he fires them off frequently when there is no occasion whatever: there is a large stock on hand, and, after all, rockets are a very pretty sight." Here we have a "rocket" for almost every sentence, and that in a passage condemning the "rocket" system in another writer. One might suppose that Smith wished to exhibit by a travestie the vice of which he was complaining, were it not that he generally wrote in the same manner. All his ideas seem to have come to him in a visible shape; he appears to have recognised nothing in the abstract. It was the old poetical habit of the man, breaking through the colder and more intellectual processes of prose. None but very injudicious admirers will deny that the tendency was carried too far. On the other hand, none but very captious critics will question that this poetical richness often gives to the prose of Alexander Smith a peculiar charm, which makes it as delightful to read one of his best essays as it is to wander in a flower-garden, full of the perfumed glory of flaunting buds, flamed over with sunlight, and loud with birds and bees. His wealth of illustration is really wonderful, and commonly very much to the purpose. For every thought he seems to have an image, often singularly felicitous, novel, and unexpected. After awhile, it must be confessed, we get a little fatigued with the perpetual glitter; yet we are still compelled to admire the ingenuity and nimbleness of the writer's fancy. What specially strikes us in connection with this habit of excessive illustration is its entire sincerity. In some writers we see clearly that the thing is done only for the sake of "showing off"—of exhibiting a preternatural cleverness and boundless fertility of resource. In Smith it appears to be perfectly genuine. Nor does it give coldness to his style, as with some men, but warmth. The reason is that with him it was not simply an affair of the intellect; it was a form of character—an expression of the man's whole nature—a matter of the blood and temperament, as well as of the brain. Smith was a poet at all times. He might put off the robes of verse, but the tendency of his thoughts and the manner of his utterance were still poetical. Another thing contributed to the same result. This was, an opinion which he held that in all literary work style is more important than thought. He thus, in the present volume, unfolds his ideas on the question:—

"In every literary work there are two elements: there is the thought, or the thing to be said; there is the expression, or the manner of saying the thing. This latter element, especially when it takes any characteristic shape, we are accustomed to denominate style. And in every work of art the style is even of more importance than the thought: it is the artistic part, it is that through which the artist's personality becomes visible. The main body of the poem, or the novel, or the essay, consists necessarily of ideas which the writer did not originate, which he found ready-made to his hand, which have, in one shape or another, been used before; and his merit consists in the new forms into which he is able to work up the old material. He calls in the worn coin of thought, melts it down in secret crucibles, and reissues it, bearing a fresh superscription and a new value. Thought is mine, yours, everybody's; but the artist lays hold of our thoughts, and works with them, as a sculptor works with his clays. The world does not need new thoughts so much as it needs that old thoughts be recast. The artist is not required to create his own materials. If a man makes bricks he is provided with clay; if a man paints a portrait, he is allowed sitters, canvas, and pigments. To make a fine modern statue, there is a great melting down of old bronze. Absolute novelty of idea—in a poem, for instance—is felt by many as a disturbance, because it is devoid of the sweetness of acquaintanceship and association. Absolute novelty, even if it could be procured, the reader

* Last Leaves. Sketches and Criticisms by Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life-Drama," "Dreamthorp," &c. Edited, with a Memoir, by Patrick Proctor Alexander, M.A., Author of "Mill & Carlyle," &c. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

does not very much care about: what delights him is the setting of a familiar thought in a new light, the discovery of subtle links and relationships between things with which he is acquainted, but which he was in the habit of considering disconnected and remote. Approach from a new point a mountain with which you are familiar, and it has all the charm of strangeness; and this delight of strangeness is felt all the more keenly from its unexpectedness, and from the mixture in it of the present and the past. The pleasure lives in the mingling of the old recognition and the new surprise. I live—I love—I am happy—I am wretched—I was once young—I must die, are extremely simple and common-place ideas, which no one can claim as exclusive property; yet out of these has flowed all the poetry the world knows, and all that it ever will know. The 'still sad music of humanity' is simple enough, and may be apprehended by any peasant; all that poets have to do is to execute variations upon it, to unwind its subtle sweetnesses, to pursue and carry out its suggestions; and the important matter is, with what amount of skill these variations, unwindings, and pursuings, have been accomplished. The thought is only a part of the poem or the essay, and the commonest part. What in a work of art is really valuable is the art. The statue that is only worth the weight of its metal is a very poor statue indeed."

This is cleverly put, and no one will dispute that style is a very weighty consideration; but it does not follow that because no new thought can be discovered, therefore the nature of the thought to be expressed is a matter of secondary importance. Clearly the thought is the first and most serious consideration, that being the object of the work—at once its beginning and its end. The style is the means by which the end is to be attained, and therefore important too, because, in proportion as it is good or bad, attractive or repellant, the end will be reached or missed. In the passage we have quoted, Smith's imagery misled him with a deceptive show of resemblance; but this belief in the superiority of style to thought helps to explain the writer's tendency to over-ornamentation in the setting forth of his ideas. We are very willing, however, and indeed more than willing, to take Alexander Smith as we find him in this and other prose volumes, as an essayist of real and special powers—indolent, meditative, introspective, brooding in tender twilight of reverie over thoughts that touch our common humanity, fond of books and art, fond of the leaves and the hot sunshine, yet all the while darkly haunted by the thought of death. This constantly recurring sentiment, now that the man himself has passed the shadowy portals, and knows by actual experience what the great fact means, gives a deep and solemn interest to many passages in Smith's writings, as, for instance, to the following in the paper on "Dreams and Dreaming":—

"All men dream, and the most common experience of the phenomenon is the sort of double existence which it entails. The life of the night is usually very different from the life of the day. And these strange spectres and shapes of slumber do not perish; they live in some obscure ante-room or limbo of memory, and reappear at times in the most singular fashion. Most people have been startled by this reappearance. Something of importance to you has happened quite new, quite unexpected; you are sitting in a strange railway-station waiting for the train; you have gone to see a friend in a distant part of the country, and in your solitary evening stroll you come on a pool of water, with three pollard willows, such as you see in old engravings, growing beside it, and above the willows an orange sunset through which a string of rooks are flying; and all at once this new thing which has happened wears the face of an old experience; the strange railway-station becomes familiar; and the pool, the willows, the sunset with the undulating line of rooks, seem to have been witnessed not for the first time. This curious feeling is gone almost as swiftly as it has come; but you are perplexed with the sense of a double identity, with the emergence as of a former existence. The feeling alluded to is so swift and intangible that often you cannot arrest it; you cannot pin it down for inspection as you would a butterfly on a card; but when you can, you find that what has startled you with familiarity is simply a vagrant dream—that from the obscure limbo of the memory some occult law of association has called a wandering wraith of sleep, and that for a moment it has flitted between you and the sunshine of consciousness, dimming it as it flits. . . .

"There is a 'Lost Office' in the memory, where all the waifs and strays of experience are taken care of. Word and act; the evil deed and the good one; the fair woman's face which was the starlight of your boyhood; the large white moon that rose over the harvest-fields in the September in which you were in love: the thrush that sang out in the garden betwixt light and dark of summer dawn, when the pressure of a hand at parting the night before kept you awake,—all these things, which you suppose to have perished as utterly as the clothes you wore thirty years ago, have no more perished than you have yourself. Memory deals with these things as a photographer with his negatives; she does not destroy them, she simply places them aside, for future use, mayhap. If you are a dreamer, you will know this. And in dreams the imagination does not always deal with experience; it frequently goes beyond that, and guesses at matters of which it cannot have any positive knowledge. There is no more common terror in dreams than that of falling over a precipice; and most dreamers are aware that in so dreaming they have felt the air cold, as they cut through it, in their swift rush earthwards. This, of course, cannot be matter of experience, as those who have been so precipitated are placed conclusively out of court. But it is curious that the dreamer should so feel; that the swift imagination should not only vividly realize the descent itself, but an unimportant accessory

of the descent—the chilliness of the swiftly-severed air—as well. And then the all-absorbing fact of Death exercises an intolerable fascination over many a dreaming brain. A man dreamed once that he, along with sixteen others, had been captured on a field of battle, and that, by a refinement of cruelty, they were to be shot singly. It so happened that the dreamer was the seventeenth. The sixteenth man knelt, the levelled muskets spat fire, crackled, and he fell forward on his face. The dreamer was then conscious of the most burning feeling of envy of the dead man—he had died, he was dead; he who was but a few yards distant a second ago, was now removed to an immeasurable distance; he had gained his rest. And when the dreamer's turn came to kneel, and when the muskets of the platoon converged upon him, he found himself marvelling whether, between the time the bullets struck and the loss of sensation, he could interject the thought, 'This is death.' . . .

"I once heard a friend, and one not specially fanciful usually, tell how he had been one night tormented by the strangest vision. He was asleep, and on a curtain of darkness there hung before him a beautiful female face; and this face, as if keeping time with the ticks of the watch under his pillow, the beating of his pulse, the systole and diastole of his heart, was alternately beautiful—and a skull. There, on the curtain of darkness, the apparition throbbed in regular and dreadful change. And this strange and regularly recurring antithesis of beauty and horror, with the spiritual meaning and significance under it—for the loveliest face that ever poet sang, or painter painted, or lover kissed, is but a skull beclothed with flesh: we are all naked under our clothes, we are all skeletons under our flesh—was as much out of my prosaic friend's usual way of thinking as crown, sceptre, and robe of state are out of a day labourer's way of life."

The "Memoir" with which Mr. P. P. Alexander—a personal friend—has prefaced the present volume, is interesting, despite the pestilent Carlylese affectation of its style. As a piece of writing it might be severely criticised; but it gives a vivid idea of the man whom it commemorates, and is on that account to be commended. Alexander Smith appears to have been a very amiable, simple, and genuine person, with a fine superiority to airs of literary distinction, a solid and sterling character, and a degree of reserve and self-control not always observable in poets. Poor fellow! he worked himself into a morbid condition of brain, as so many pen-men do; trod a brief downward path with overwrought nerves and bewildered head; was suddenly struck with typhoid fever and diphtheria, and at the early age of thirty-seven came to know the mystery of which he had so often thought. In some touching verses on Spring, written in May, 1866, less than a year before his death, and printed in the present volume, he seems to anticipate the end. Speaking of the song of the blackbird, he says:—

"Men live and die, the song remains; and when
I list the passion of thy vernal breath,
Methinks thou singest best to Love and Death—
To happy Lovers and to dying Men."

THE IRISH CHURCH IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.*

It would be impossible to give a truer idea of the means by which the Established Church was introduced into Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth than by perusing such a volume as the one before us. It is history related by the documents of the time, than which there can be no better evidence as against those who penned them. They have not the fault of books commonly called histories, which are commonly written to carry out the theories of the writer, exhibiting whatever evidence will support them, and suppressing all that will tell against them. But there is no doubting the authenticity of such history as this. Whatever gloss we choose to put upon them, the facts are unquestionable. We may say that they were a necessity of the time, and that in the rending asunder of Christendom at the date of the Reformation into Protestant and Papist, it was indispensable that an effort should be made to introduce the Reformation into Ireland by such means as these State papers incontestably prove were used. But what concerns us at this time is to ascertain what those means were, and what light they throw upon the character of an Establishment which one party in the State wishes to uphold, and the other, not to destroy, but to loose from its State moorings. Was it the result of internal effort? Was it spontaneous in any portion of the population? Did it grow by that power by which it undoubtedly grew in England—the national will? Or, on the other hand, was it imported into the sister country, forced upon it, so that the word and the sword became inseparable, the latter making good the position of the former. This is undoubtedly the view which we gather from the State papers collected in this volume. They embrace the period between January, 1565, and June, 1593, not far short of a whole

* State Papers concerning the Irish Church in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Edited from Autographs in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. London: Longmans.

generation, and from first to last there is one unbroken chain of evidence to the repugnance with which the Reformation was regarded in Ireland, to its perfectly foreign character, to the agents which were employed to introduce it, and to their non-success. At one passage we have Baron Cusack recommended by the Bishop of Meath to fill the vacant place of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, that he "is the only man of his profession that favoureth religion in this land," though "the number of lawyers is great and beareth no less sway," but are, "for the most part, nay, I might say all, thwarters and binderers of matters that should tend to the reformation of religion."

In 1576 Sir H. Sydney writing with regard to Munster, which he considered was then in good "towardness" to be reformed, is obliged to add that "it never needed more a discreet and active government there continually resident, for these people are, for the most part, all papists, and that of the maliciousness degree." Of the Church throughout Ireland he writes in a letter to the Queen, "If I should write unto your Majesty what spoil hath been and is of the archbishoprics, whereof there are four, and of the bishoprics, whereof there are above thirty, partly by the prelates themselves, partly by the potentates, their noisome neighbours, I should make too long a libel of this my letter. But your Majesty may believe it, that upon the face of the earth where Christ is professed, there is not a Church in so miserable a case;" and he divides this misery into three heads—first the ruin of the very temples themselves; second, the want of good ministers; and, third, competent living for such ministers. These are not the signs of a Church growing out of the convictions of the people, and possessing their attachment. In a letter addressed by the Irish Lord Chancellor Gerrard to Walsingham in 1577, we have still more remarkable evidence of this fact. "If," he says, "in ten years passed, the Government had been enabled to subject the whole Irishry to the sword—which manner of government, if ever Ireland shall be thoroughly reformed, must be practised—Ireland had been in other terms of wealth and obedience than it is this day." In the same year Sir William Drury, Lord President of Munster, writes of the inhabitants of Waterford that they "are cankered in Popery, undutiful to her Majesty, slandering the Gospel publicly," and that they have "Masses infinite in their several churches every morning without any fear. I have spied them," he says, "for I chanced to arrive last Sunday at 5 o'clock in the morning, and saw them resort out of the churches by heaps. This," he continues "is shameful in a reformed city." The same state of things is described with more detail in 1580 by Middleton, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore who writes to Walsingham that, "such is the miserable state of this wretched city [Waterford], that all things are done contrary to the sacred word and blessed will of the Lord, and also her Majesty's most godly proceedings in causes spiritual—The Gospel of God utterly abhorred—The Church, in time of divine service, of all hands eschewed (nisi a paucis ex id forma tantum)—The Sacraments contemned and refused—Massing in every corner—No burial of the dead according to the Book of Common Prayer, but buried in their houses with diriges [dirges], and after cast into the ground like dogs—Rome-runners and friars maintained amongst them; in fact the old religion openly prevailing, and so dominant that though the windows and walls of the churches were full of images, the bishop was fain to say 'they will not deface them, and I dare not, for fear of a tumult.'"

Yet Chancellor Gerrard's recommendation of martial law had been pretty freely tried in Munster. "There have been," says Sir William, writing to the Privy Council at Dublin, "to my judgment, since my first entry into office, a space of about a year and nine months, about four hundred executed by justice and martial law within this province." Among the persons who thus suffered was "a friar . . . arraigned and hanged in his habit, at Limerick, for having about him certain letters with blanks, and the seals of several abbeys and friaries in this province, with letters of commendation to the provincial of Portugal, imputing seditious practices to be intended, and he as a trusty messenger sent to negotiate." A Brebon, "much esteemed among the common people," was likewise hanged at Limerick. At one sessions which Sir William held at Cashel and Clonmel, ten persons were executed for treason and felony, and one was pressed to death. Martial law was not the only measure adopted to establish the Reformation. In 1578 we find Nicholas Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, writing to the Lord Justice thanking him for his letter or "precept to the Commissioners here, touching the taking of bonds . . . of such as denied the acknowledgment of the recognizance taken by your honour of them, that they should come to their parish churches, and there remain during the

time of service." There was still another weapon which the secular arm did not refuse to wield in defence of the Reformation. Dr. Hurley had been nominated by the Pope to be Archbishop of Cashel. He was apprehended by the Lords Justices (Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir H. Wallop) who thereupon wrote to Secretary Walsingham for instructions how to deal with him. They received letters in reply "declaring her Majesty's pleasure for the proceeding with Dr. Hurley by torture, or any other severe measures of proceeding, to give his knowledge of all foreign practices against her Majesty's states." The Lords Justices were nothing loth to fulfil these instructions: but unfortunately a difficulty presented itself in the fact that "we want here either racke or other engine of torture to terrify him." Under these circumstances they prepared to send him to the town of London as "a better school than the Castle of Dublin;" but as this course does not seem to have been agreeable to the Government in England the Lords Justices first promised him the Queen's mercy in respect of his own faults, if he would sincerely and liberally discover all that he knew of others, and then, "not finding that easy manner of examination to do any good, we made commissions to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put him to the torture, such as your honour [Walsingham] advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." Perhaps we cannot have a more significant proof of the failure of the efforts made to promote the Reformation in Ireland by such means, and nothing more hostile to its introduction there could have been devised than the fact that when the Lord Deputy and Council appointed a day of general thanksgiving for the Queen's success against the Spanish Armada, there was no response to their appeal. In every county the sheriffs with all diligence warned the people to repair to the principal churches, "yet," writes Archbishop Loftus to Lord Burleigh, "very few, or none almost, resorted thereunto, but even in Dublin itself the lawyers, in term time, took occasion to leave the town on purpose to absent themselves from that godly exercise—so bewraying in themselves, besides their corruption in religion, great want of duty and loyalty unto her Majesty, and giving just occasion unto us to conceive a doubtful opinion of them." We might fill our columns with testimonies to the same effect; but there is another feature in the attempt made during Elizabeth's reign to establish the Reformation in Ireland, which shows that there was as much insincerity on the part of those who sought to promote it, as there was aversion to it on the part of the people. There are many evidences of this, but we shall content ourselves with one. We find it in a letter addressed by the Prebendaries of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to the Lords of the Council in England, in which they declare that there is not one Minister in Ireland who "can or will preach the Gospel," four bishops, and themselves only excepted. This statement is confirmed by Archbishop Loftus. Sir William Pelham writes of the miserable state of the clergy, and "cannot but marvel to see so few able ministers." It is not difficult to discover what was no doubt partly the cause of this. In the same letter Pelham, on the authority of the Bishop of Meath, states that some one of the Queen's farmers of parsonages near Trim, has sixteen benefices in his hands, and "amongst these not one vicar or minister maintained that can read English or understand Latin, or give any good instruction to his parishioners." Then we have such facts as the following:—Between Dublin and the farthest end of Munster not one church standing, convenient to requirements, except it be in the Haven towns; no divine service in the country, all the churches there "clean down" ruinous and in great decay, while in those in cities and walled towns "ever seldom any service said, and yet that negligently repaired unto; upwards of thirty bishoprics, and not seven bishops able to preach; bishops impoverishing their sees by giving long leases and reserving small rents, so that within a few years, if this is allowed to go on, all the bishoprics in Ireland "will not yield sufficient maintenance for one man worthy of his calling; an infinite number of impropriate churches, all in her Majesty's hands, and those of her farmers; and not a preacher in one of them, the farmers hiring such curates as will do the work the cheapest, without regard to person or quality, while the curate "to make his stipend as he may live upon travellethe like a lackey to three or four churches in a morning—every church a mile or two miles asunder—and then once a week readeth them only a gospel in Latin, and so away." A dreary retrospect is that of the Irish Church in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It could not have been more unfortunate if its enemies had laid their heads together to surround it with unfavourable conditions. It was a purely alien Church, forced upon the people, put into the hands of the most corrupt agents, whose main features were the ignorance of its clergy, the rapacity of the Queen's farmers,

and the presence everywhere of martial law. Can we wonder when we find the Archbishop of Armagh writing to Walsingham, and lamenting that "the land is not able to afford, of the birth of the land, forty Christians which have the taste of the true service of God;" in other words, that there were not forty Irishmen who were friendly to the Reformed religion.

THE PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH*

ETHNOLOGY is a science of recent development. Fifty years ago we knew but little of the migrations of races and the origin of nationalities: now, although we are still very much in the dark, and are only in a transitional stage, we have apparently made some advance towards a more accurate knowledge, and are probably on the right road for further explorations. Many are the revolutions in popular ideas which the more extensive information of later times has brought about. We begin to understand that the European races, with a few exceptions, belong to one great family, and are closely allied with some of the chief Asiatic nations. And with respect to the origin of our own nationality, we are being forced to unlearn the lessons taught us in the standard histories of England—viz., that we are mainly descended from the Anglo-Saxons who came over here in the fifth century, augmented by their conquerors, the Danes, who afterwards made incursions from time to time, slightly flavoured by the Normans of a later age, and dashed now and then by a little introduction of Celtic blood. In other words, our lineage, if we accept this theory, is almost entirely Gothic and Scandinavian, the original Britons having been driven out of South Britain, excepting in the comparatively small territory now called Wales. It was not asserted that Wales was unpeopled before the Saxon invasion; but we were told that the Celtic population of the whole of England was forced by the pressure of the new-comers into the Principality, Cornwall, the Highlands, or beyond the seas, excepting such as were killed in the protracted struggle. That a great many of the Britons were forcibly dispossessed of their ancient seats, and retired beyond the rage of the despoiler when they found they could no longer maintain their ground, is pretty certain; and that the Saxons and other Teutonic or Scandinavian tribes have largely influenced the population of modern England, seems indisputable. But, when we come to examine the facts more closely, it is difficult to believe that the old British blood can be entirely absent from our veins, or nearly so. We must still be to a great extent Celtic in our composition, though of course with a large admixture of the Norse element. This is the opinion to which recent investigators have been leading us, and it is probably the conclusion at which the nation generally will in time arrive.

Dr. Nicholas, in his "Pedigree of the English People," does his utmost to strengthen what may be called the Celtic theory; but he is not the first who has laboured in the same cause. We reviewed about two years ago (in our impression of June 16, 1866), a volume by Mr. Luke Owen Pike, entitled "The English and their Origin," the object of which is similar to that of Dr. Nicholas; and Mr. Pike himself, as we then pointed out, had had his predecessors. The purport of the present work, as described by its author, "is to trace step by step that process of race-amalgamation which has issued in the compound people called English, maintaining special reference throughout to the proportion of that people's descent from the Celtic inhabitants of Britain, usually called the 'Ancient Britons.'" By the latter term Dr. Nicholas understands "the different tribes, clans, or nations inhabiting Britain at the time of the Roman invasion, and their descendants." He assumes (which is perhaps open to dispute in some degree, though doubtless the statement is not greatly in excess of the truth) that all the people found by the Romans in possession of the British Isles belonged to the Celtic race, though there were numerous subdivisions, presenting dialectic and other variations. Of these, the Cymry seem to have been pre-eminent. They occupied that part of the island which we now call England, while the other great race, the Gaels, spread over Scotland and Ireland. Even the Belgæ, Dr. Nicholas contends, were mainly Celts, and closely related to the Cymry, though he admits an infusion of Teutonic blood in the former. This infusion may possibly have been greater than our author supposes; but at any rate it is certain that the Britons whom the Romans conquered were substantially a Celtic people. The question, then,

is, how far the original population (if it were the original—a fact in itself doubtful) was dispossessed by the Saxons. Gildas, Nennius, and other early writers, say that, in the main, the Britons were driven into Wales, Cornwall, the Highlands of Scotland, and Armorica (now Bretagne). But such a transplanting of a whole nation, occupying a large country, numerous, civilized, attached to the soil, and certainly not wanting in courage, is improbable. It has generally been held that the manner in which the Britons implored the assistance of the Saxons to help them in resisting the incursions of the Picts and Scots after the departure of the Romans, indicates pusillanimity on their part; but the subsequent resistance which they offered to the Saxons, when those piratical Northmen assumed the offensive, is sufficient to acquit them of such a charge. The struggle was maintained for a century and a half, or but little short of it, and it is much more probable that during that long period the mass of the Britons gradually submitted to the invaders as, in district after district, they were hopelessly vanquished, than that there should have been a sudden removal of the whole people, or nearly the whole, into other localities. The Saxons, Angles, and Jutes were not a numerous community; they came from small countries, and can hardly have furnished men enough to have repopled the larger part of this island. Moreover, they brought no women with them (except a Rowena or two for the great chiefs); they must therefore have necessarily married with British damsels, and in this way alone the subsequent race would become largely Celtic. But Dr. Nicholas contends, and we think rightly, that numbers of the male Britons must have remained on the soil, and in time have amalgamated with the conquering race. He thus states the chief circumstances of the Saxon invasion of Britain:—

"It would seem that about the year A.D. 449 Vortigern thought he might strengthen his claim to the chief sovereignty, or Pendragonship, and put a stop to the ravages of the Caledonians, by forming an alliance with some of these freebooters. Hengist and Horsa (whom we take as historical and not mythic personages) and their followers were therefore invited to his assistance. This is the Saxon account. Their coming over was the entrance of the wedge which by-and-by totally wrenched the greatest part of the island from the dominion of the Britons.

"Britain presented an appearance of fertility and beauty which the men of the North Sea did not find in their native regions. Once they had found a firm footing, therefore, pretexts were easy for the prolongation of their stay. They had come over as the Britons' protectors; but 'Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?' The end was open hostility, and a declared intention on the part of the strangers to enjoy a home in Britain. The scorn of the old Cymry at this proposal may be imagined. They, the original, only rightful possessors, now to be quietly deposed! Not so! But the wary Northmen, to strengthen their case, invited horde after horde of their lean and needy countrymen to join them. Their enterprise became every day more hopeful, and therefore, after their code of morals, juster. More and more adventurers arrived. They came 'like swarms of bees,' says an old chronicler. Repulsed at one point, they only seemed to gain renewal of strength at another. The more they were slaughtered—for grim fighting had now commenced—the more they increased. News flew from the Rhine to the Elbe, and thence far into Denmark, that Britain, the fairest of islands, was becoming a prey to the first comers, and the passion for settlement on her shores became so strong that, according to Bede, the regions about the Baltic and the south of Holstein—regions, however, which cannot be supposed to have ever sustained a large population—were left well-nigh depopulated. For 150 years it became the employment of the Britons to contest the possession of their country with these uncompromising invaders, and after fighting, to grant them room. . . .

"The first invasion made the Jutes in twenty years masters of the whole of Kent. The second, in another twenty, covered Sussex and Surrey (South Saxons, and South-rica, or kingdom). The third, under Cerdic, included Hants, Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Berks, and Bucks. This was a work of twenty-four years. The fourth embraced Essex, Middlesex, and part of Herts, and was the work of about twelve years. The fifth included Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and part of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire. The sixth, and most important of all, made the Angles masters, we do not know in how long or short a time, of part of the south of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, &c. The seventh set up Mercia, the particulars of whose establishment are rather obscure, but that it embraced Chester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln (or part of it), Shropshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Rutland, Northampton, Huntingdon, Hereford, Worcester, Warwick, is known.

"The question will perhaps be asked: If so, where were now the Britons? Another question were exactly appropriate: Where were not the Britons? To suppose that from all England, thus at last covered with nominal Saxon governments, the Britons had been expelled, is to involve the task of answering the question, Whither? Wales had its own people, and could at best but offer asylum to a limited number of fugitives, or persistent patriots, who refused on any terms to submit to Anglo-Saxon rule. The body of the people must have remained where they were, as far as the unsettled times would allow, taking the conquerors as their masters, but still in many instances enjoying their own customs, laws, and language, until by degrees, by intermarriage, by the experience and exhibition of kindly

* The Pedigree of the English People: an Argument, Historical and Scientific, on English Ethnology, showing the Progress of Race Amalgamation in Britain from the Earliest Times, with Especial Reference to the Incorporation of the Celtic Aborigines. By Thomas Nicholas, M.A. Ph.D., F.G.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Longmans.

offices, and through the healing influence of time, they and their subduers became eventually one people."

At another part of his volume, Dr. Nicholas undertakes to prove that the Britons, on the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, were far more numerous than the latter, and that during their wars with the Northmen they did not suffer, relatively, any diminution of number. He remarks:—

"The point is not whether they were not diminished, but whether they were more diminished in proportion than their opponents. Granted, modes of warfare in those barbarous times were destructive enough of human life. But if well-forged and sharpened weapons counted for anything in the grim trial of battle, one would suppose that here the Britons would have a marked advantage. They had been taught the forging of blades and spear points, and the forming of shields and helmets, by the Romans, as well as all the tactics of attack and defence. However furious, therefore, the onsets of the terrible warriors of the North, there is no reason for concluding that the brave and better-trained Britons, with the advantage of a better panoply, would leave more men *hors de combat* than their enemies. The fierce and less regular movements of the latter, on the contrary, would frequently expose them to more serious losses than they occasioned to their adversaries. . . .

"It is true that in process of time the Celtic language disappears from the Anglo-Saxon parts, and that gradually the population throughout the greater portion of the Heptarchy, or Octarchy, or Hexarchy, as we may choose to call the Saxon States—for it is uncertain whether seven or eight States, properly independent, ever contemporaneously existed—assumes the appearance of a homogeneous race; but this was a result which was very slow in taking shape. It was, for example, far from complete in the time of Athelstan; for then communities of Cymry, using their own language, and observing their own usages, were in integral existence in the heart of Wessex itself. This was five hundred years after the arrival of Hengist. In the reign of Egbert, the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, as well as Devon, were all considered as belonging to the *Weal-cynne* (the dominion or kingdom of the Welsh) a sufficient proof of the nationality of the inhabitants. This was nearly four hundred years after the settlement of Hengist. Of course this designation, *Weal-cynne*, could only mean at that time that the inhabitants were the *Wealas*—'the foreigners'—as the Anglo-Saxons, with admirable audacity, termed the people, who for a thousand years had their home in the country—the government under which they lived was nominally that of Egbert, who was styled not merely King of Wessex, but King of England. . . .

"Making every reasonable allowance for the reductions made in the British inhabitants, on the one hand by political arrangement, and on the other by sheer destruction in the field, they were still a numerous and active race 200 years after the founding of the first Saxon Kingdom. Throughout the country, even in the central parts, as at Bedford, Banbury, Petherton, Bath, we find so late as A.D. 552, 584, 658, &c., mighty battles fought by the Britons proper of those districts, who rose to avenge the oppressive exactions of their conquerors. If these had been the incursions of marauding hordes from Wales or Cumbria, penetrating for the moment far into the enemy's country and retreating with their booty, their presence were of no value to our argument. But they were nothing of the kind. They were spontaneous movements of the dwellers in those regions. What other commotions went on throughout the country from similar causes we do not know, or have no space to relate. But it is certain that the Britons were a powerful part of the people of England in these times, either in the form of communities still wearing the badges of their nationality in language, laws, and customs; or as more complying subjects of the different Saxon States. Then it is to be remembered that during all this time 'West Wales,' or Cornwall and Devon, great part of Somerset, Wilts, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the South of Scotland, as well as the whole of Wales—the *patria intacta* of the Cymry—were in the possession of those Britons who had hitherto kept themselves wholly unmixed with the Teutons. In all this there is nothing which sounds like a diminution of the British race through war."

The various incursions of the Danes, resulting in extensive settlements of the race in England, must be reckoned as a gain to the Scandinavian element in our present population, and it is acknowledged to be such by Dr. Nicholas, who writes with much impartiality and candour; but he does not think it so great a gain as some ethnologists suppose, the Danes having only added a comparatively small number to the Saxo-British community which they found in possession of the country. The Norman conquest, he believes, reinforced the Celtic rather than the Gothic constituent in our blood. It is true that the Normans were partially of Scandinavian origin; but for about a hundred and fifty years they had been settled among a French people, and must have become in a large measure Celtic. Besides, "the Norman army" is a very inaccurate expression. Numbers of the men who flocked to England under the banner of William were Bretons and other natives of France; and Dr. Nicholas observes that many of our old nobility are really descended, though in an indirect way, from the old population of this island. The gains in more recent times have been for the most part on the Celtic side. The various prosecutions of the French Protestants led to considerable bodies of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen settling in this country at different periods, but especially after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,

when many thousands took up their permanent abode here. To these must be added the constant immigration into England of Highlanders from Scotland, of Cymry from Wales, and of Milesians from Ireland; and against this unceasing augmentation of the Celtic element there is certainly but little to set on the other part. The Germans, it is true, settle from time to time in England, but not in numbers sufficiently large to neutralize, though of course large enough to qualify in a slight degree, the hordes of Celtic origin perpetually thrown in upon us. Dr. Nicholas examines the composition of the English language, and finds in it many signs of its having been influenced by the early speech of Britain. We do not think, however, it can be asserted, nor do we understand Dr. Nicholas to assert, that our present tongue is mainly British. And the fact that it is not so must, we conceive, be admitted as proof that there is much in our composition which is not Celtic. The Teutonic and Scandinavian element must be allowed to be strong in us; but it is not the only element of importance, or perhaps the predominant one. This mixed composition is among the sources of our greatness as a nation, for it has endowed us with the virtues, and at the same time moderated the defects of the two leading races in Europe. From the Teutons we inherit solidity and depth; from the Celts, vivacity, mobility, artistic feeling, and imaginative fervour. The English character may be taken as a mean between the German and the French, and it could hardly be so unless we mingled in fair proportions the genius and the blood of both. When we are told that we are almost entirely of German origin, it is perhaps a sufficient answer to point to the marked difference between Englishmen and Germans. If a Celtic enthusiast would claim us as pure Cymry, we may with equal confidence reply that our character differs in some important respects from that of the Celtic nations. There is really no escape from the difficulty but in supposing—what, as we have seen, many historical facts warrant—that a mingling of the two streams has happily taken place on our soil. Dr. Nicholas, we suspect, leans a little too much to the Celtic view; but his work is full of valuable suggestions, and may be read for its facts as well as for its theory.

NEW NOVELS.*

THE story of "All for Greed," which originally appeared in the columns of *St. Pauls*, contains a number of pleasant sketches of French life, drawn with a neat touch, and showing a good deal of artistic feeling. The author seems thoroughly at home on the soil of France, and she evinces a considerable power of bringing before the eyes of her readers the scenes which she wishes to depict. We assume that the book is due to a female pen, on account of the energetic manner in which it attacks the French system of educating young ladies, and of disposing of them in marriage. It is to a great extent a vigorous protest against the idea that a girl's material interests alone ought to be consulted in the choice of her husband, and that her feelings should not be considered as having the smallest right to a voice in the matter. Its two heroines are representatives of two warring schools of matrimonial philosophy, Félicie de Vêrancour being the typical young Frenchwoman as she ought to be, and her sister, Geneviève, being that scarecrow of the Gallic household, a girl who flies in the face of her family and insists upon marrying for love. Their characters are skilfully contrasted, and are so contrived that each makes the other stand out in bold relief. Félicie's practical turn of mind, and her contempt for anything like sentiment, are just the opposite of Geneviève's romantic leaning towards devotion and self-sacrifice; and her aims in life and hopes for the future have little in common with those in which her softer sister indulges. Due credit is given to Félicie for her courage, her resolution, and her perseverance, but the milder virtues of Geneviève are dwelt upon with a far more loving appreciation. The sterner sister readily makes up her mind to marry a rich young nonentity, although he has nothing but his wealth to recommend him, while Geneviève falls desperately in love with a penniless, but romantic suitor. The plot hinges upon a murder which that unfortunate young man is supposed to have perpetrated. He is tried and all but found guilty, his innocence being only proved by evidence which it costs Geneviève a great struggle to give. The story of the murder, and of all the

* All for Greed. Two vols. London: Virtue.
The Rock Ahead. By Edmund Yates. London: Tinsleys.
Change upon Change: a Love Story. By Emily Faithfull. London: Victoria Press.
Carlyon's Year. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." Two vols. London: Bradbury & Evans.
Sorrow on the Sea. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina," &c. London: Tinsleys.

incidents to which it gives rise is told very well; and there is considerable force in the description of the remorse which seizes upon the mind of the superstitious old Breton who committed it, and who could not find rest for his conscience until he had confessed his crime.

We should do Mr. Yates a great injustice were we to deny him the credit of being able to write a very interesting story. He has also much dexterity in catching the outside characteristics of things; and although his "coat-and-waistcoat realism" is sometimes obtrusively glaring, it is nevertheless better than that vague and hasty "painting with the big brush" which we find in many novels. Then he has been moderating his doses of crime lately. "The Rock Ahead," it is true, opens with a murder, and practically closes with a suicide; but these we can forgive on the plea of long habit. Nor should we forget one particular in which Mr. Yates generally improves upon the Braddonian school, of which he is a pupil. Money he does not represent as the sole aim of existence, the only hope of the good, and the never-failing reward of the virtuous. He does not say, "Look you, here is my heroine, who suffered much, and obtains, as the result of her long endurance, a rich husband; and here is my hero, who was a good boy all his life, and now I give him £20,000 a year; and here is my wicked villain, whose sins I punish by condemning him to extreme poverty for the term of his natural life." We wish, however, that he would lower his proportion of disreputable persons; cut out at least three-fourths of the slang we find in his pages; and omit discursive essays on nothing in particular. If we might venture to suggest another improvement, it would be the avoidance of those imputations against his critics (on the ground that they are blind to his merits because of their envy), in which Miss Braddon also indulges. It is the *Scarifier* which chiefly suffers in such attacks; and Mr. Yates exhibits as a "recognition of popularity" the being made the butt of the *Scarifier*—"when some artist or contributor to that eminent journal has seen you on horseback while he was on foot, or seen you clean when he was dirty," &c. Never having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Yates on horseback, we are unable to say what grounds the contributor to the *Scarifier* has for being envious; but we are quite certain that the introduction of such half-concealed personalities into a work of art does not tend to improve it. For the rest, the story of "The Rock Ahead," though in some respects very repulsive, is cleverly constructed, interesting, and fairly written. The heroine separates herself from her husband, becomes a prima donna, falls in love with her husband's brother, and then, when her husband poisons himself, marries her brother-in-law. The character of the heroine, who "had never gone in for much feeling," is sketched with evident care, and is decidedly the most artistic part of the book. Miles Challoner is a mere dummy; and the Earl of Ticehurst is the "swell" of the stage. No more than Mr. Yates have we ever heard a live earl propose; but we should say the following were not likely to be the words used on the interesting occasion:—"Fact of the matter is, Miss Lambert, ever since I've had the pleasure of knowing you I've been completely stumped, don't you know? bowled over, and that kind of thing . . . and, in short, I've come to ask you if—if you'll marry me, and that kind of thing." That kind of thing is not exhilarating in a novel or elsewhere; and we find too much of it in Mr. Yates's book.

There is very little incident in Miss Emily Faithfull's story of "Change upon Change," but it contains one character which is decidedly good. She has drawn a picture, one which seems to be a study from life, of a girl whose nature is so fickle that she cannot be constant even to a man whom, for the moment, she thinks that she loves devotedly. "Women have so many natures; I think she loved me well with one," is the motto which Miss Faithfull has borrowed from Owen Meredith for her book, and the words serve to explain much of the inconsistency of Tiny Harewood's behaviour. That young lady, always of a self-willed and unreflecting nature, becomes more unmanageable than ever after a disappointment which befalls her on her first entering into society. A Captain Foy wins her heart, but wisely refrains from asking for her hand. By way of consolation and revenge she flings herself into flirtation, and is rapidly becoming notorious when her irreproachable cousin Wilfred wins her back into the path of decorum. He is devotedly attached to her, she thinks that she is equally fond of him, and an engagement ensues greatly to the disgust of her worldly mother. But Tiny is wilful, and determines to have her own way. A time of probation passes by, and Wilfred is preparing to be happy, when Captain Foy turns up again, and Tiny begins to suspect that it is he whom she really loves. Wilfred is naturally vexed, but the cause of his annoyance vanishes after a time, for the Captain makes an excellent match, and Tiny apologizes gracefully for her behaviour. But

after the lapse of a little more time, Wilfred finds her flirting desperately with an attractive young Guardsman, and again he is not unreasonably irritated. Again, however, Tiny repents, and soothes his suspicion and his anger by the sweet tones in which she protests that she really loves him far beyond any one else. And it is quite true that she does love him, only she cannot help forgetting those who are absent, and receiving with the greatest affability the attentions of those who are present. But at last he flatters himself that she has overcome this little weakness of her character, and is about to settle down into something at least resembling constancy. Then one day, when he is in London and she is far away, he receives a letter in which she tells him, in the most affectionate manner, that she has discovered that she "has a feeling" for somebody else, and is going to marry that fortunate individual. And this last fancy proves final, at least as far as poor Wilfred is concerned. Miss Faithfull has sketched this fickle but attractive character remarkably well, and a book which contains one such really natural portrait is worth a dozen far more pretentious volumes.

The heroine of "Carlyon's Year" forms the subject of a very pleasant study, for she is a model English girl, as high-minded as she is true-hearted. But having praised her, we have almost exhausted the commendation we have to give the book. The beginning of the story, however, deserves to be well spoken of, for it contains a vigorous description of the narrow escape from drowning of the heroine and an admiring cousin of hers. They had remained too long on the sands of one of our north-western bays at low water, and the tide came upon them unawares. The greater part of the account of their peril and their rescue is very good, but we can scarcely believe that the picture drawn of the approach of the "Bore" is a correct one. In a river or a narrow estuary such a wave really comes in as is here depicted, but a bay like that represented by the author can only under exceptional circumstances be the scene of such a phenomenon. However this may be, the picture has at least an air of reality about it. But the character of John Carlyon, the herculean hero of the book, is altogether unreal. He is supposed to be a thoroughly honest and serious infidel, one who ought to have been orthodox, but who has been driven into scepticism by the hypocrisy of a sanctimonious father. The chief aim of the story seems to be to show the bad effects of such an example on a sensitive mind, and to trace the salutary influence exercised in such cases by a true-hearted woman's love. Such an end is good, but the means employed by our author are somewhat absurd. John Carlyon is told by his medical adviser that he is suffering from *angina pectoris*, and has only a year to live, and it is to the change which during that time takes place in his principles and actions that the story is mainly devoted. It is unnecessary to enter into its details, but we cannot abandon the subject without protesting against the manner in which the author represents his characters, even the most heroic among them, as changing countenance, and growing deadly pale, or turning black in the face, while their veins swell and their teeth become clenched, whenever a passing allusion is made to unpleasant events in their several careers. Of such a means of producing a sensation use should be made but sparingly.

To those who are fond of romance in strong doses, Lady Wood's story of "Sorrow on the Sea" may be confidently recommended. Here is an outline of the plot. A wealthy country gentleman of the name of Helmingham has two sons of widely differing character. The elder, Edmond, is a hero, an enthusiast, and a captain in the navy; Rufus, the younger, is, as his name hints, a ruffian of the most virulent type, although blessed with personal beauty of the highest order. The brothers both fall in love with their stepmother's young companion, a Miss Cora Noble; but while Edmond's intentions are thoroughly honourable, those of Rufus are, to say the least, ambiguous. Edmond sees her for the first time one evening, and the next morning gives himself up "to the agonies and delights of a first love." Rufus looks on with a smile, and gives no indication of the storm which is raging in his breast. He wishes his brother to marry her, thinking that such a marriage would turn out well for his own interests. For Mr. Helmingham was bound by the will of the eccentric individual from whom he inherited his thirty thousand a year, to leave the whole of his property to one of his two sons. This son Rufus hopes to be. So he generally favours Edmond's affection, but at times he does strange things. One night, for instance, he waylays Cora in the dark, and kisses her with such force that he leaves on her shoulder a mark "blue and red, the blood starting under the skin, and the indication of two teeth, or what resembles their impression." One day, as Captain Helmingham and Cora are sitting side by

side on a rustic bench, she observes an adder, "of unusual size and vigour," advancing towards his feet from under the seat. To seize the creature by the neck and to fling it into the thicket is for her the work of a moment. Of course, the least thing he can do is to propose at once for the hand which has saved his life, and, naturally enough, she accepts him, and they get privately married, and then he goes to sea, and, as might be expected, gets shipwrecked on a desolate island. It should be mentioned, however, that, before the marriage takes place, Rufus, who has become horribly jealous, tries to break it off, first by forging right and left, and then by blackening Cora's reputation in his brother's eyes. The scene in which he gains admission to her bedroom, and cuts a long lock from her hair during her sleep, will attract the most exacting of novel devourers. Foiled in his plans regarding Cora, and also in a well-arranged little scheme for murdering his father, who has become a peer under the title of Baron Helmingham, Rufus is naturally somewhat out of temper at first, but he recovers his good humour when he hears of the loss of his brother's ship. For a while he enjoys his existence, but suddenly all his happiness is overcast. Cora presents his shipwrecked brother with a son and heir, and Rufus is obliged to devote his energies to getting his obtrusive nephew murdered. He induces his sister-in-law to take a lodging in a baby-farmer's house, and makes arrangements for the infant's death and burial. A scene ensues which would make the fortunes of a stage manager if it could be produced in its entirety—Cora shrieking out of an upper window, her child roaring down below in a vault, the female baby-farmer bellowing in her parlour, a male accomplice groaning at the bottom of a well, Rufus deliriously jabbering in the distance. All this time, by way of a contrast, we see the captain in his island home indulging in an innocent but somewhat pronounced flirtation with a lovely maiden, one of the pleasantest results of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. She, of course, falls desperately in love with him. It is not to be wondered at, considering that he and she are alone upon the island, and he does not say anything to her for some time about "the scarcely-tasted fruit he had left sleeping in that heavily-curtained bed at Plymouth," in other words his wife. This charming idyl—we believe that is the word suited to the occasion—suddenly turns into a tragedy. The beautiful islander discovers at last that it is a married man round whom her young heart has wrapped its tendrils, so she yields herself first to the profoundest melancholy, and then to a band of cannibals in search of fresh meat. Edmond returns safely home to England, whence Rufus has fled to America, in which country that very bad young man ends by practising "with great success in the criminal courts as a barrister." Captain Helmingham has everything the world can give him, but a great many years go by before he can rid himself of the recollection of the exceedingly improbable, not to say impossible, maiden who shared the solitude of his island home. And so ends a story which might just as well have remained untold.

THE OCEAN WORLD.*

We have seldom met with a more curious or more valuable specimen of book-making than the volume before us. It bears the name of Louis Figuier, the well-known author of several popular scientific works; but not only is it a "free" translation of such portions of his "*La Terre et les Mers*" and "*La Vie et les Mœurs des Animaux*" as the translator has deemed desirable for his purpose, but it also contains whole chapters derived from all manner of sources. Book-making has its advantages, and the translator and compiler of the present volume, "W. S. O." has undoubtedly produced an interesting, instructive, and valuable work; but we cannot understand upon what principle Louis Figuier is put down as the author of a book which includes contributions from various writers. However, this is a matter which the translator may be left to settle with M. Figuier; our present business is to describe the work, and inquire how far it is likely to fulfil its intention. M. Figuier, the author of "*The World before the Deluge*," and other works, calls himself a "vulgarizer of science" an expressive term which our English acceptance of the word "vulgar" may misconstrue. M. Figuier is possessed of great diligence, and has the faculty of rendering the facts which he so laboriously compiles attractive and interesting. He is not averse from hypotheses; but these are generally the hypotheses of the imagination, and seldom propound a grave scientific

problem. In "vulgarizing" science, also (and this is a great virtue), he never uses the "pathetic fallacy" to confer a fictitious interest upon scientific facts. What, for instance, can be more absurd and offensive than the following lamentation over the evil fortune of the sponge animal which we find quoted in the present volume from Alfred Frédel? "The poor little creatures receive their nourishment from the wave which washes past them; they inhale and respire the bitter water all their lives; they are insensible to that which is only the hundredth part of an inch from their mouth." This is the sort of language which one might address to children; it is out of place even in a professedly popular scientific book. How does M. Frédel know that the water is bitter to the sponge; and what ground has he for supposing that the polypi would merit pity less if they were sensible of everything around them for twenty miles' distance? The fallacy of attributing human sentiments to inferior animals, and judging of their sensations by the imagined sensations of a human being in like circumstances, may be permitted in poetry: it ought to have no place in science.

One striking merit in this book is that its sketches of geographical research and of natural history have been collated with the most recent discoveries. The reader runs no risk of meeting with any of those exploded myths which figure so largely in popular books of science. In one instance only is our credulity largely drawn upon; and even there, the editor, with much discrimination (but with a dangerous contempt for the ablative case), observes that the story should be taken "*cum granum salis*." The story is of one of those terrible cephalopods concerning which Victor Hugo became so imaginative in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." The narrative is told in a report to the Académie des Sciences by Lieutenant Bayer of the French corvette *Alecton* and M. Berthelot, French Consul at the Canary Islands. The corvette was between Tenerife and Madeira when she encountered a gigantic calamary, which was, without reckoning its long arms, fifty feet long and twenty feet in circumference. Bullets were fired into it without effect; and when, at length, a rope was passed round it, the animal broke it in two, and only the tail and fins were brought on board. These weighed forty pounds. We are also favoured with an engraving of this encounter, taken from a sketch drawn on the spot, and anything more impressive and repulsive than the figure of the monster it would be impossible to conceive. Judging by the relative size of the sailors who are hauling up the cephalopod, each of the creature's two eyes is twice as big as a man's head; while its eight terminal arms, being half the length of its body, make its whole length seventy-five feet. We should be sorry to throw discredit on any report accepted by the French academy of science; but we are compelled to add that a very large "*granum salis*" might not be inappropriate under the circumstances. Less terrible, but more possible, descriptions of those dangerous creatures are here furnished to us. The first is Michelet's imaginary account of a cuttle-fish, the enormous beak of which has been found among fossil remains. "In making war on the molluscs," says that powerful writer, "he remains mollusc also; that is to say, always an embryo. He presents the strange, almost ridiculous, if it were not also terrible, appearance of an embryo going to war; of a fetus furious and cruel, soft and transparent, but tenacious, breathing with a murderous breath, for it is not for food alone that it makes war: it has the wish to destroy." M. Figuier, or "W. S. O."—we cannot say which—proceeds to observe that where there is so much of the fictitious floating about, it will be his endeavour to "to eliminate facts only." We presume that he means to eliminate fiction. He borrows, therefore, from a work on the Sperm Whale, a narrative of an encounter with a cephalopod which, it must be granted, looks more possible than Lieut. Bayer's adventure. Mr. Beale, while on the shore of Bonin Island, saw an extraordinary-looking creature, with eight arms about four feet in length each, making its way back to the water. It tried hard to escape, and released itself when Mr. Beale put his foot on one of the long tentacles. Finally, he laid hold of one of these tentacles with his hand; and, as the creature firmly resisted, he gave it a powerful jerk. "The moment after, the enraged animal lifted a head with large projecting eyes, and, losing its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon Mr. Beale's arm, which had been previously bared to the shoulder, and clung to it with its suckers, while it endeavoured to get the beak, which he could now see, between the tentacles, in a position to bite him. Mr. Beale describes its cold, slimy grasp as extremely sickening, and he loudly called to the captain, who was also searching for shells, to come to his assistance. They hastened to the boat, and he was released by killing his tormentor with a boat-knife, when

* The Ocean World, a Descriptive History of the Sea and its Living Inhabitants. Chiefly Translated from "*La Vie et les Mœurs des Animaux*." By Louis Figuier. London: Chapman & Hall.

the arms were disengaged bit by bit." We must, therefore, allow that Victor Hugo had some substratum of truth in his poetical description of the terrible devil fish. Even more singular, however, is a story told of a sailor who was stung by a sea-nettle during the first voyage of the *Princess Louise* round the world. A magnificent physalia, we are told, had been seen in the neighbourhood of the ship, when a young sailor, anxious to secure the beautiful creature, leapt naked into the water. He swam towards it and seized it, when it instantly surrounded him with its long, thread-like filaments. "The young man, overwhelmed by a feeling of burning pain, cried out for assistance. He had scarcely strength to reach the vessel and get aboard again, before the pain and inflammation were so violent that brain-fever declared itself and fears were entertained for his life." Most of the pulpy medusæ which swim around our coast have, as is well known, a power of stinging which most children have been taught by experience to fear. Of the organic structure of these creatures little is as yet accurately known; but the medusæ have for a long time been regarded as something else than a mere mass of jelly, as some of the older naturalists considered them, and some surprising discoveries have been made with regard to their assimilative and reproductive functions.

Not less interesting is the history here given of the speculations with regard to the nature of the coral and sponge animals. "It is now agreed among naturalists," says the writer (who may or may not be M. Figuier), "that the coral is constructed by a family of polypi living together, and composing a polypier. . . . Each polypier resembles a pretty red leafless under-shrub bearing delicate little star-like radiating white flowers. The axes of this little tree are the parts common to the association; the flowrets are the polypes. These axes present a soft reticulated crust, full of little cavities, which are the cells of the polypi, and are permeated by a milky juice. Beneath the crust is the coral, properly so called, which equals marble in hardness, and is remarkable for its striped surface, its bright red colour, and the fine polish of which it is susceptible." Altogether the "Ocean World," whatever may be the theory of its compilation, will be found to be a very comprehensive and entertaining book by those who do not object to occasional divergences into the realm of profitless and rather aimless reflection, while the woodcuts with which it is illustrated are invariably admirable. They have been chiefly designed, we are informed, under the direction of M. Bévalet, from specimens in the museums of Paris.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.*

THE first series of essays published under this title was a surprise to the general public. The advanced character of its positions, the boldness with which they were defended, the extent to which they surpassed all previous manifestoes of the Puseyite or Ritualistic party, produced an effect which was evidenced by the number of reviews and notices they drew from the press, and by the fact that a bulky and costly volume upon subjects not generally attractive went through two large editions within the year of its publication. One of the results of this success is the volume before us, constituting a second series of "Essays on the Questions of the Day." As in the first series, the authors of the essays in the second are responsible only for their own contributions. None of those who contributed to the first have been allowed to write in the series now before us; and we presume the same rule will be followed with regard to the third. But all these essayists, however they may differ from one another on some points, represent a school of thought, and a most remarkable school of thought it is. Nothing can be bolder than its pretensions,—nothing more utterly false. The first essay in this volume is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Bennett, once Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and, since he was driven from that post, Vicar of Frome Selwood, Somerset. It treats of "Some Results of the Tractarian Movement of 1833;" and may be taken as more or less a faithful expression of the progress made by the school of thought which Mr. Bennett represents, between the date when Froude, Perceval, Palmer, Newman, and Keble banded themselves together in order to resist the latitudinarian tendencies of that day (1832) and the present time. Supposing that the movement which was first called Tractarian, then Puseyite, now Ritualistic, had been sustained in a legitimate manner, Mr. Bennett and his co-

religionists would have had fair cause to congratulate themselves on their success. Without question, they have done a great deal, and have produced considerable results. But they have done it by improving the opportunities of a usurped vantage-ground; and their success has to endure the reproach that many of the men who laboured with them efficiently in the beginning of the Oxford movement—the men, indeed, who made it—have felt themselves constrained to abandon it, and go over to the Church of Rome. Ritualism has no such names to boast of as those of Oakeley, Faber, Allies, Ward, Manning, and Newman. Dr. Pusey's is the one name left them worthy to rank with them. This is a blow which the Ritualists cannot long survive. It is true they have made progress; and, considering the Papistical character of their doctrines, it is perhaps the surprising fact of this century that they have been able to do so. Mr. Bennett prefaces his description of the results of the Tractarian movement by a retrospect of the state of the Church of England before it. Allowing for the exaggerations of a zealous partisan, we may admit that there is much truth in his description of the condition of the Establishment during the first thirty and odd years of the present century. "There was, indeed," he says, "a strong party which abrogated to itself an ecclesiastical position, and contained within it a certain degree of spiritual life; but since it made a subjective faith the sole criterion of religion, and utterly disregarded both Sacramental grace and Apostolic order, it approached rather the outlines of Dissent, and could hardly be held, with truth, to be within the Catholic Church. There was also a party of the Hanoverian Church and State religion, which made salvation to consist in obedience to Acts of Parliament, but utterly disregarded the spirituality of the inner life. Bishops, deans, and other dignitaries of the Church were principally remarkable for the pluralities which they held by favour of the Crown, for the benefices which they heaped upon their relations, and for the immense fortunes which they carried to their graves. The one party, usually called 'The Evangelical,' took up the Bible and the Prayer-book as the rule of life, but ignored all interpretations of them save by their own private judgment; the other, called 'The Orthodox,' took up the same sacred books, but interpreted them solely by Parliamentary Rubrics and the dicta of Episcopal secretaries. If there was any morality in the country, it was but little above the teaching of Aristotle; if any study of Holy Scripture, it was little more than by comparison of evidences depending upon Paley; if any preaching of God's word, it was sententious, dry, and formal, after the manner of Blair; if any faith, it was that of Simeon, who so fatally held rule in Cambridge; and, last of all, if there was any kind of zeal, or earnestness, or devotion to God, it was wild, reckless, and ungovernable, after the teaching of Wesley."

There is much truth in this clever description of the state of the Established Church during the first quarter of the present century. But it is the fault of clever descriptions that they have a tendency to exaggeration, and we cannot assent to Mr. Bennett's off-hand dismissal of Wesley's zeal as "wild, reckless, and ungovernable." Wesley's teaching and example were the reaction produced by an age of scepticism and indifference. His life was the protest of a sincere and earnest mind against a condition of callousness and unfaith. He felt pretty much as Mr. Bennett says the best men in the Church of England—that is to say, those who agree with Mr. Bennett—have felt ever since the commencement of the Tractarian movement to the present time, namely, that a soul of life was wanting to reanimate religion. But to Wesley belongs an honour to which neither Mr. Bennett nor any of his Ritualistic sympathizers have a claim. He carried out his views upon his own ground. As Newman and Manning did, he left a Church in which his ideal of religion could no longer be realized. No one would quarrel with Mr. Bennett and the other contributors to this volume were they to follow the example of those who first created the Tractarian movement. Their religious principles, it is true, might not be regarded with more favour than now; but, in an age of perfect toleration, no one would have a right to interfere with them. They owe the hostility with which they have been met, the scenes in St. Barnabas and St. George's-in-the-East, to the fact that they are sailing under false colours. Mr. Bennett points with exultation to the progress Puseyism has made during the last thirty-five years. No doubt that progress has been very remarkable, but success is not always justification. Their more advanced practices have been condemned by a spiritual court, presided over by a judge who has taken the most favourable view of their proceedings. Three of these practices have been condemned by a Royal Commission issued to inquire into their validity. Signs, moreover, are not wanting that legislation will be resorted to to put

* The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day in 1867. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Second Edition. London: Longmans.

a stop to them. Hitherto there has been great unwillingness to take this step, but the limit beyond which forbearance will not be carried has probably been reached. Such a volume as the present is eminently calculated to break the back of the nation's long-suffering; and truly if the avowal of doctrines which are essentially Roman Catholic is permitted, we should have to conclude that neither within the Church nor without it are there men to whom the name of Protestant is dear, or the principles of Protestantism worth fighting for.

ARTISTS AND ARABS.*

THIS book is a lively account of the author's experiences as an artist in Algiers. Ordinary travellers report that the town is dull, and we should conceive it to be so, notwithstanding Mr. Blackburn's account of the amusements to be found there. One of these was a troop of performing Arabs, of the tribe of "Beni Zouzoung,"—the same, we believe, who have recently exhibited their feats before Parisian and London sight-seers. Mr. Blackburn does not seem to have been much delighted with them himself. He speaks of the "hideous atrocities" which they performed nightly in the name of religious rites: "wounding their wretched limbs with knives, eating glass, holding burning coals in their mouths, standing on hot iron until the feet frizzled and gave forth sickening odours, and doing other things in an ecstasy of religious frenzy which we could not print, and which would scarcely be believed in if we did." Nor is the slaughter of beasts and birds at the time of the Ramadan, an enticing spectacle, nor the monotonous dancing and shrieks of the dancing-girls. The races in which the Arabs contend on foot, and which take place in autumn on the French race-course, may be worth looking at; and the annual gathering of the tribes, when representatives from the various provinces camp on the hills of the Sahel, must be a very picturesque sight indeed. But "for those who have resources of their own, who have work to do which they wish to do quietly, and who breathe more freely under a bright blue sky," Mr. Blackburn thinks Algiers is "the place to come to." An artist especially will be delighted with the old town.

"If he is wise he will spend the first week in wandering about, and losing himself in the winding streets, going here, there, and everywhere on a picturesque tour of inspection. His artistic tendencies will probably lead him to spend much time in the Moorish *cafés*, where he may sit down unmolested (if unwelcomed) for hours on a mat, and drink his little saucer of thick, sweet coffee, for which he pays one sou, and smoke in the midst of a group of silent Moors, who may perchance acknowledge his presence by a slight gesture, and offer him their pipes, but who will more frequently affect not to see him, and sit still doing absolutely nothing, with that dignified solemnity peculiar to the East. He will pass through narrow streets, and between mysterious-looking old houses, that meet overhead and shut out the sky; he will jostle often, in these narrow ways, soft plump objects in white gauze, whose eyes and ankles give the only visible signs of humanity; he may turn back to watch the wonderful dexterity with which a young Arab girl balances a load of fruit upon her head down to the market place, and he will, if he is not careful, be finally carried down himself by an avalanche of donkeys, driven by a negro gamin who sits on the tail of the last, threading their way noiselessly but swiftly, and carrying everything before them; and he will probably take refuge under the ruined arch of some old mosque whose graceful lines and rich decoration are still visible here and there, and he will in a few hours be enchanted with the place, and the more so for the reason that we have already hinted at, viz., that in Algiers he is *let alone*, that he is free to wander and 'moon' about at will without custodian or commissionaire, or any of the tribe of 'valets de place.'"

The Moors cling to the belief that they will one day reconquer Spain; but if they are all like those of Algiers, the Spaniards must become woefully degenerate before that comes to pass. There is, says Mr. Blackburn, "both art and mystery in doing nothing well," which the "gentlemen" achieve to perfection. They will sit for years daily in the same *café*, "silently waiting, without a trace of boredom on their faces, and without exhibiting a gesture of impatience." The idea of work of any kind never occurs to them; that is left wholly to those who are too poor to be idle. The well-to-do sit "clothed in white, dreaming of heaven—with an aspect of more than content, in a state of dreamy delight, achieved, apparently, more by habit of mind than any opiates—the realization of *Keyf*." This does not disqualify them for the uses of the artist, and Mr. Blackburn made good use of his time, sketching from housetops, in *cafés* and *divans*, and in the open street, though this method had the disadvantage of exciting so much curiosity that sometimes it was almost impossible to breathe

for the crowd that gathered round him. His difficulty was of course to get hold of female models. Only once or twice was he able to entice a veiled *houri* to venture on his terrace and shake hands with him, and the profession of a model is almost unknown in Algiers. At last money as usual prevailed, and several applicants presented themselves, out of whom he selected "Fatima," first because she was the youngest and had the best costume, and also because she came with her father and appeared tractable. She was thirteen, and had been married six months, had scarcely ever left her father's house, and had never spoken to a man until her marriage; she was not beautiful, and scarcely interesting; *petite* and fat, with small hands and feet, large rolling eyes, the latter made artificially black by the application of henna; graceful but without character, smoking cigarettes incessantly; "a little caged animal that had better be petted and caressed, or kept at a safe distance, according to her humour." Mr. Blackburn did not bring away with him a high opinion of the Moorish women. In no single instance did he light upon a Moorish face that moved him by its beauty; even the dark lustrous eyes, when lighted by passion, had more of the tiger in them than the tragedy queen. The Moorish ideal of beauty depends upon the symmetry of feature, "and is nothing without roundness of limb and a certain flabbiness of texture."

"It is an ideal of repose, not to say of dulness and insipidity; a heavy type of beauty of which we obtain some idea in the illustration . . . of a young girl, about thirteen years old, of one of the tribes from the interior. The drawing [see the book] is by a Frenchman, and pretends to no particular artistic excellence, but it attempts to render (and we think succeeds in rendering) the style of a Mahomedan beauty in bridal array: one who is about to fulfil her destiny, and who appears to have as little animation or intelligence as the Prophet ordained for her, being perfectly fitted (according to the Koran) to fill her place in this world or in the next. Thus decked with her brightest jewels and adorned with a crown of gold, she waits to meet her lord, to be his 'light of the harem,' his 'sun and moon.' What if we, with our refined æsthetic tastes, what if disinterested spectators, vote her altogether the dullest and most uninteresting of beings? What if she seem to us more like some young animal, magnificently harnessed, waiting to be trotted out to the highest bidder? She shakes the corns and beads on her head sometimes with a slight impatient gesture, and takes chocolate from her little sister, and is petted and pacified just as we soothe and pacify an impatient steed; there is clearly no other way to treat her, it is the will of Allah that she should be so debased."

Interesting as are Mr. Blackburn's descriptions of Algiers, we almost prefer those of the country beyond it. His sketches of the little Arab village, called the "Bouzareah" (a half-deserted cemetery, with tombs of Marabout priests), and of the storm that overtook him there, are in the best style of descriptive writing. The same remark is true of his descriptions of Kabylia. "Artists and Arabs" is enough to send a crowd of artists to Algiers next winter. "But," says our author, "not only to artists and amateurs—to those fortunate people whose time and means are as much at their own disposal as the geni of Aladdin's lamp; to those who can get 'ordered abroad' at the season when it is most pleasant to go; to those who live at high pressure for half the year, and need a change—not so much perhaps from winter's gloom, as from the 'clouds that linger on the mind's horizon;' to all who seek a 'new sensation,' we would say once more—pay a visit to the 'city of pirates,' to the 'diamond set in emeralds,' on the African shore."

DOCTORS AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.*

MR. HALL regrets, as no doubt does every gentleman connected with medicine and who desires not to see an honourable profession degraded, that, although doctors agree readily enough by the bedside of a patient, they differ vigorously as witnesses in actions for railway accidents. Whilst giving medical gentlemen the fullest credit for the variation of which their opinions are capable according as they appear as the witnesses of an offending railway company or of an injured traveller, we must not forget that this is a failing of all scientific witnesses, and although it goes far to establish the unreliability and comparative worthlessness of such evidence, it is far too deep an evil to be cured by an essay upon railway accidents or a guide to the mode of distinguishing between the patient who is actually dying and the rogue who is merely shamming himself into the acquisition of heavy damages. There are many points of similarity between the medical men who frequently appear as witnesses in railway accidents and the "mad doctors" who are

* Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine. By Henry Blackburn, Author of "The Pyrenees," "Travelling in Spain," &c. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

* Medical Evidence in Railway Accidents. By John Charles Hall, Senior Physician to the Sheffield Public Hospital; Author of the "Pathology, Diagnosis, Prevention, and Treatment of Consumption;" late Lecturer on the Practice of Medicine at the Sheffield Medical School, &c. Longmans & Co.

supposed to pass their existence between asylums for the insane and the courts of Lunacy Commissioners, and for the simple reason that in each case the evidence is given with respect to matters upon which men may with all sincerity entertain widely different opinions. When a man has had his limbs broken in a railway accident his case is simple enough. He appears with but one leg, and the boldest doctor in existence could scarcely hope to satisfy a jury that "in course of time and with care and attention" he will recover the use of the limb which has departed under the surgeon's knife, but when the patient suffers from that very common consequence of railway concussions, an injury to the spine or brain, the disease may be almost as obscure in its nature as any other mental affection, and there is then nothing to choose between the mad doctor and the railway accident witness.

We quite agree with Mr. Hall when he observes that frauds are frequently practised upon railway companies by simulating those injuries which are so difficult of investigation, and we think that the suggestions which he makes for testing the real extent of injury which the patient has sustained are deserving of a careful perusal not only by medical men and lawyers, but by the general body of the public. With reference to concussion of the brain, Mr. Hall observes:—

"The effects of concussion of the brain, whether the result of a railway or any other accident, vary very considerably.

"When resulting from a collision on a railway, the speed at which the train was moving at the time of the accident, the nature of the opposing obstacle, whether fixed or moving, &c., are all questions affecting the probable severity, or otherwise, of the injuries sustained; for like any other kind of accidents, those occurring on a railway may be serious or the reverse. The presence or absence of cuts, bruises, or fractures, will also assist us materially in estimating the force of the collision.

"Whatever the nature of the accident, or the cause of it, the effect on the brain may be so slight as only to occasion a momentary loss of consciousness; or consciousness may not even be lost, the blow being followed only by some trifling confusion and dizziness—a sense of faintness and an inability to maintain an upright position.

"In another person the concussion may have been sufficiently violent to abolish almost all sensation and power of motion. The pulse is feeble, the countenance pale, respiration seems nearly annihilated, and such a condition not unfrequently speedily terminates in death—the result of a failing of the action of the heart.

"But between the severe and slight cases of concussion of the brain there is almost every possible degree. The objective symptoms present in concussion of the brain are, as a rule, in proportion to the degree of violence that it has sustained, and which indeed is only cognisable by such objective symptoms.

"Where there has been only a slight concussion, among some few of these symptoms we note that the patient is stunned, and at the moment of the injury has flashes of light or stars before his eyes—singing in the ears, &c., and that he remains for some moments as though intoxicated.

"When the concussion has been more violent, a return to consciousness is generally followed by sickness and vomiting. The bowels are constipated, afterwards the fæces are often discharged involuntarily. At first, the use of the catheter is required to relieve the distended bladder. After a time the urine dribbles away involuntarily. The eyelids are generally closed—the pupils vary; sometimes they are natural; in another case, one or both may be dilated. In that condition of body in which sensibility is diminished and not annihilated, they contract on exposure to light, and sometimes are even more contracted than natural. Respiration is often disturbed and irregular. The pulse varies according to the severity of the injury, and the stage of it. In bad cases, it is irregular, feeble, and intermitting—often hardly to be perceived at the wrist, the patient being in a state approaching syncope.

"If cases of concussion of the brain vary in their severity, so do they also in their terminations.

"Happily, in many cases recovery is complete—the injury leaves no trace behind; in other cases the recovery is slow and tedious, and months may pass before the brain resumes its normal condition.

"In other still more severe cases, the health remains broken, and the memory impaired. There may be squinting, paralysis of the eyelid, imperfect vision, loss of memory, permanent loss or impairment of nervous and muscular power, &c."

The author gives several cases showing that in instances where juries had given large damages against railway companies upon the evidence of medical gentlemen who testified that the injuries sustained were likely to affect the patient for a very considerable time, the fortunate plaintiff having pocketed his damages, was seen walking about shortly afterwards enjoying not only the money which his sufferings had produced, but very fair health in addition.

We need scarcely observe that Mr. Hall is decidedly hostile to the system of jury trial, as applied to actions for railway injuries, in which he says justice is ministered upon a kind of lottery system, the claimant who really has suffered frequently failing to obtain due compensation in consequence of the imposition previously practised by some dishonest person who possessed the good fortune to find himself in a railway collision and sufficiently strong imagination to fancy his spine

injured. Instead of having these claims referred to juries, Mr. Hall suggests that a board of three commissioners should be established consisting of a barrister, a physician, and a surgeon, to be appointed by the Home Office, with power to examine witnesses, and to award the compensation to be paid. We are quite prepared to admit that before such a board the evidence of medical experts would be a less valuable and consequently a less saleable commodity than it is now, and that those speculative actions of which Mr. Hall complains, and which he says are brought with no desire to benefit the client but with the strong hope of making a profit for an attorney, would soon pass away; but we nevertheless can look with no favour upon any scheme which would remove the consideration of railway accidents from the cognizance of juries. It must be remembered that this suggestion has come from the railways and not from injured passengers, whom Mr. Hall would protect from the prejudices of juries who had been imposed upon by shamming and uninjured persons; and it must also be kept well in mind that, with all their shortcomings, juries generally do substantial justice. They may not be able to estimate with the accuracy of a barrister and two doctors the value of a lost limb or a shattered constitution, but they would pay more regard to the excruciating agony which the person who asks justice at their hands may have undergone. The struggle of railway companies to free themselves from what they regard as the hostility of juries has now been maintained for some time, and with but slight benefit to the companies. So long, however, as accidents arise from mere negligence and the overworking of frequently underpaid servants, the existing state of things is not likely to undergo much alteration.

We cannot think that Mr. Hall will find his attempts at the establishment of his suggested railway accident tribunal or the regulation of medical evidence productive of any tangible results; but there is an abuse to which he could with advantage address himself, and in which he would have the support of every honourable man in and out of his profession; we mean the practice of certain medical gentlemen of acting as compromise agents to the railway companies who avail themselves of their services. The attorney who uses his client as a mere instrument in a speculative action, or the scientific man who places his learning and his sworn testimony at the disposal of any one who will pay the price demanded, may not be a respectable character, but both are admirable persons when compared with the medical attendant who abuses the confidence which his position gains for him by inducing a maimed and weak man to accept from a railway company a sum far below what his injuries would entitle him to or a jury give.

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.*

THE position of Professor Bain with regard to the most important topics in modern philosophical inquiry is so well known that most readers will not look to the present volume for any very novel statement of his opinions. And yet it would be difficult to find any modern work which so comprehensively, fairly, and clearly expounds the views of the Sensationalists—those views which have produced such a marked effect upon the literature of our time, and have won over so many proselytes during the past few years. Professor Bain's latest contribution to philosophic science is practically a text-book—a compendium of propositions, rather than a continuous essay. It contains a summary of the well-known "Emotions and the Will," and "The Senses and Intellect," drawn out with as much precision and conciseness as was compatible with that very difficult task. Doubtless, if any man is capable of writing out the substance of a philosophical work into a series of aphorisms, it must be the author of the work; but that the effort is a dangerous one is rendered evident every day by the constant squabbles of philosophers over brother philosophers having misconstrued or misrepresented their opinion while endeavouring to get at some such digest of their books. "It is not to be expected," says Professor Bain, "that the full effect of the larger exposition can be produced in the shorter; still, there may be an occasional advantage in the more succinct presentation of complicated doctrines." One has only to dip at random into this volume to perceive not only the truth of this remark, but also the admirable skill with which the author has accomplished his aim. In almost every case the condensation has been effected without the least accompaniment of obscurity of phrase; while, in those cases which might accidentally mislead by reason of

* Mental and Moral Science: A Compendium of Psychology and Ethics. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. London: Longmans.

their necessarily technical terminology, ample explanation immediately follows. If, for instance, the student (for whom, if we do not wrong Professor Bain, the work has been adapted) should fail to comprehend the significance of so obvious a proposition as that "The first objection to the doctrine of Innate ideas and principles is, that it presumes on the finality of some one Analysis of the Mind," he has only to read on and learn that "To affirm that the notions of Space and Time are intuitive, is to affirm that by no possibility shall mental philosophers ever be able to account for them by the operation of our perceptive faculties. Now, although the analysis of the mind at any one time should not be able to explain the rise of these notions, we are not, for that reason, justified in saying that they are never to be explained." And so throughout. Logical and precise, these pages pursue the even tenor of their way without the least assumption of any authority beyond that which lies in a series of reasoned and connected truths.

It would be altogether out of our province to enter here upon any discussion of the questions which such a book naturally suggests. We may, however, briefly mention, for the benefit of those who may not have seen any summary of the views held by Professor Bain and his school, a few of the principal points on which they ground their philosophic faith. As a preliminary, Professor Bain wages war with the "Abstract Idea," maintaining that the only vague generality, not possessing a concrete existence, is the Name; "and the proper force of a general name is to signify agreement among the concrete things denoted by it." He denies that we have any abstract conception of sweetness, or cruelty, or virtue; and that we only know that certain things or actions are sweet, or cruel, or virtuous. The only abstraction we are capable of forming is the name, by which we "signify agreement among the concrete things denoted by it." He maintains, as we have seen, that all knowledge is derived through experience; although that knowledge may be acquired unconsciously, and may remain latent in the mind. His theory of perception maintains that perception is an action of the mind, denies the independence of matter and sensation, and defines sensation as an unlimited series of associations of definite movements with definite feelings, subjectivity being a flow of feelings without dependence on muscular energy. He is naturally a Necessitarian; and one of the most valuable portions of the book is devoted to clearing away the obstructive notions connected with such words as "will" and "freedom" in this long-veiled controversy. "When a person chooses one thing out of several presented, the choice is said to involve liberty or freedom. The simple fact is that each one of the objects has a certain attraction; while that fixed upon is presumed to have the greatest attraction of any. . . . One may choose the dish that gives least present gratification, but if so, there must be some other motive of good or evil in the distance. Any supposition of our acting without adequate motive leads at once to a self-contradiction; for we always judge of strength of motive by the action that prevails." In ethics he holds that the moral standard is "human Welfare, Happiness, or Being and Well-being combined, that is, Utility." But while he uses Utilitarianism as a test of results, he does not admit it as a test of motives—a most important point which opponents of Utilitarianism systematically ignore. It is "maintained in the present work, as by Butler, Hume, Adam Smith, and others, that human beings are (although very unequally) endowed with a prompting to relieve the pains and add to the pleasures of others, irrespective of all self-regarding considerations; and that such prompting is not a product of associations with self." The first part of this proposition is unanswerable; but the corollary is sometimes met by the assertion that our highest notions of self-denial and benevolence are the result of long bygone experience of what was best for humanity, an experience which became hereditary and lives only in its effects. Something of the same argument is applied by Professor Bain himself to the consideration of the Moral Faculty. It being argued that the Moral Sentiment is independent of experience and therefore intuitive, partly because our judgments of right and wrong are pronounced immediately, and partly because the faculty belongs to all mankind, it is replied that "the immediateness of a judgment is no proof of its being innate; long practice or familiarity has the same effect," and also that the alleged similarity of men's moral judgments is limited. Such are a few of the more obvious points on which the Sensationalists are agreed; but whoever wishes to see the whole system worked out logically and confronted with a most impartial summing-up of opposing doctrines, should study Professor Bain's book for himself. It is altogether a remarkable, well-timed, and valuable work.

SHORT NOTICES.

New Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Second Edition. (Macmillan.)

Any sign of an increasing popularity for poems like those of Mr. Arnold is a hopeful thing for literature. His work is essentially delicate and scholarly. The verses are purely the vehicles of thought, severely and classically discharged from either passion or ornament; they are as cold as marble, but as distinct. The absence of trickiness is remarkable at a time when there are so many modes of interest in fashion which do not belong to the highest forms of art. Mr. Arnold is reserved almost to a fault, and, in addressing himself to the world, does not attempt to take his audience by the ears, or by stirring up the commoner sentiments and emotions. His sympathies are with an order of feelings attached to questions of deep significance, and he has the unusual power of crystallizing his thoughts so clearly, that no matter how profound they may be, you are never at a loss to see them. There is a striking resemblance between Mr. Arnold and Dr. Newman. Both are wonderfully introspective and spiritual; both use words of the simplest kind, which constantly bring out, as it were, the very soul of material things—so full are they of the vital consciousness of poetry. Mr. Arnold, however, touches a sadder note. There is something inexpressibly hopeless in his teaching. Dr. Newman exhibits the same idiosyncrasy, but he has committed himself to a faith which supplies the hollowness and void with supernatural light; Mr. Arnold only recognises the thin glimmer of the stars. In a volume of sermons, a republication which we received with Mr. Arnold's book, we find the two men coming together from different lines, and the coincidence is striking enough to quote. In a poem on "Immortality," there are the two following stanzas:—

"No, no; the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun!
And he who flung not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles one,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Now hear the preacher on "Holiness necessary for future blessedness." "Even supposing a man of unholy life were to enter heaven, he would not be happy there; so that it would be no mercy to permit him to enter." And then he goes on to state that we must in fact possess certain fixed habits of mind in order to endure the rewards promised. There is an intellectual cruelty in both ideas, for without apparently adverting to it, the two writers seem to limit the benefits of Christianity to such souls only as are capable of going through severe abstract preparations.

Friedrich Schleiermacher: ein Lebens und Charakterbild. Von Dr. D. Schenkel. (David Nutt.)

Professor Schenkel has achieved for himself so respectable a name both as biographer and theologian, that there was much propriety in his resolution to sketch the life and character of Schleiermacher in anticipation of the centenary of the great and pious philosopher, who was born in November, 1768. In his preface, Dr. Schenkel explains that he has not attempted to write a life of Schleiermacher in the strict sense of the word; and the present volume is accordingly a comprehensive essay on the Protestantism of the eighteenth century, with a sketch of Schleiermacher's relations thereto, and a running commentary on his actions and speeches. The whole has been compiled with great care; and would have been much improved by the addition of an index. One admirable quality in a biographer Dr. Schenkel certainly possesses—an intense sympathy with the subject of his labours. "May the spirit of Schleiermacher," he exclaims, "live again in our German churches on the 21st of November, 1868. It is the spirit of Luther married to the culture of the nineteenth century; the spirit of genuine Protestantism; of a seeking after truth which draws from the depths of knowledge; of an impulse towards freedom full of a holy, moral earnestness; of a Christian love which is never tired of seeking union, and holding it as the pledge of peace."

The English Law of Sale and Pledge by Factors and Agents. By F. O. Crump, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Prize Essayist on "The Preservation of Commons" and "The Amendment of Trial by Jury." (Stevens & Sons.)

Mr. Crump deals with a branch of our law of very great importance, not only to the mercantile community, but to the general body of the public. At a time like the present, when all sorts of mercantile agencies have secured so wide an extension that it is a matter of difficulty for even the keenest of persons to determine whether the goods which they buy or accept as pledges may not be carried off by somebody with higher claims than the agent who has parted with them, the branch of law upon which Mr. Crump treats ought to be brought within the reach of all. This we think the author of the little treatise now before us has done ably and clearly. He points out the state of the common law upon the subject, and he has arranged all the statutes and authorities which have any bearing upon it.

A Practical Manual of Shipping Law. By Wm. A. Oliver, Solicitor. (James Imray & Sons; George Routledge & Sons.)

Although we cannot quite divest our minds from a feeling of distrust for the attempts which we see made almost daily to convert every man into his own lawyer, we are not prepared to deny the usefulness of works of such moderate aims as that before us. Village schoolmasters, parish clerks, and country clergymen have on many of those occasions when they constituted themselves the legal advisers of their neighbours, transferred so much money from the pockets of their friends into those of the lawyers, whose place they had usurped, that amateur law is rightly considered as at best a dangerous article. It may do very well, however, when kept within bounds, and if the ship captains whom Mr. Oliver instructs as to their duties and liabilities with reference to charter parties, bills of lading, collision, demurrage, general average, freight, &c., will only learn enough from this book to know the dangers which beset them in legal shoals as well as at sea, they will not have read it in vain.

The Lady Housekeeper's Poultry Yard: its Pleasures and Profit. By G. P., Author of "Home Nursing," "Dinners and Housekeeping," &c. (George Routledge & Sons.)

We wish some of those people whose love of poultry does not extend beyond the selfish desire to have fresh eggs for breakfast would only peruse the agreeable little book which "G. P." has written. They would learn much concerning cocks and hens which could not fail to establish the most friendly relations between them, and they would at the same time acquire a good deal of information that could easily be turned to the best account by even the most selfish. "G. P." divulges a host of secrets as to the kind of fowls to be selected, the best means of securing a good supply of fresh eggs, and a variety of other information, which we have not space enough even to hint at.

Instructions in Wood Carving for Amateurs, with Hints on Design. By a Lady. (Lockwood & Co.)

We were not aware that wood carving and fretwork had many attractions for ladies, but the thorough acquaintance with the subject which the lady amateur who is the author of this little book evidently possesses gives us reason to believe that there are some ladies at least whose energies are not confined to the perusal of trashy novels. For those members of her own sex who choose to abandon their idle ways and take to industry, the lady amateur has prepared the most ample instruction in carving and fretwork. She tells them the wood to use, the tools to be purchased, and the designs to be worked out, and she tells it all very clearly and very pleasantly.

A Catalogue of the Books, Manuscripts, Works of Art, Antiquities, and Relics Illustrative of the Life and Works of Shakespeare and of the History of Stratford-upon-Avon, which are preserved in the Shakespeare Library and Museum in Henley-street. (Printed for the Shakespeare Fund.)

There is a great deal in the catalogue which it would be difficult to connect in any way with Shakespeare, and those things that are more immediately connected with the great poet are subjected to no sort of arrangement, but strung together without classification under the names of the donors. Notwithstanding these shortcomings, however, the catalogue will be of very considerable use to visitors to Stratford, and it will be found by no means deficient in interest to the ordinary reader who takes it up for an hour's perusal.

The Class and Standard Series of Reading Books, adapted to the requirements of the Revised Code. By Charles Bolton, B.A. Book 5. A poetical reader, suitable for all classes of schools. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

We have seldom perused a happier selection of pieces than those comprised in this reading book. They are gathered from the works of upwards of sixty of our first poets, and when we mention that among the larger pieces are to be found extracts from some of the Lays of Ancient Rome, the "Lady of the Lake," "Chevy Chase," "Boadicea," and "Hohenlinden," it will be observed that the book is sure to find among boys more favour than is ordinarily accorded to a class book.

Poetical Sketches. By William Blake. Edited by R. H. Shepherd. (Pickering.)

This little volume is a reprint of a book so scarce that no copy of it is to be found in the British Museum. Blake published these sketches in 1783, but they attracted no attention. With several of the pieces our readers must have become acquainted elsewhere; but in these days of mutilation and editorial caprice one must always feel safer in getting a faithful reprint into one's hands. Mr. Shepherd's prefatory remarks are modest and to the point; and the little book will doubtless be welcomed by Blake's numerous admirers.

A new candidate for public favour in the periodical world has appeared, called the *Censor*. The prefatory article explains the title, and is followed by a letter somewhat in the style of the squibs in the "Rejected Addresses." The *Censor* is supposed to be encouraged in his venture by Samuel Johnson, Mr. Pope, and Shakespeare, under the one address of "Hades"; but why include Mr. Tennyson amongst the shades? There are papers on the Royal Academy, a column of pleasant gossip, called the "Censor's Notes," a critique on "Lucretius," and an ingenious acrostic, together with an epitaph on the Fenians, which tells the truth boldly. The *Censor* opens fire well, and while the satire cannot be described as corrosive, it will serve, we trust, in its future application to discover base metal from sterling coin. If the *Censor* devotes itself to such an analysis, there is a mission for it.

We have also received:—*The Hermit of Stentorp; or, the Star in the Dark House*, a Swedish Tale, by Emily Normen (Warne & Co.);—*Irving's Catechism of General Geography for Beginners*, rewritten and arranged by J. P. Bidlake, B.A., F.C.P., &c. (Aylott);—*Supplemental Hymns for Public Worship* (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—*The Retrospect of Forty Years*, a sermon preached at St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on St. Mark's-day, 1868, being the fortieth anniversary of the consecration of the church, by Edward Harold, Lord Bishop of Ely (Longmans).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Able to Save. By the Author of "The Pathway of Promise." New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Athlete (The) for 1868. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Ballantyne (J. R.), Elements of Hindi Grammar. 2nd edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Blackburn (H.), Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Braddon (Miss), Dead-Sea Fruit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 ——— The Captain of the Vulture. Cheap edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Browning (Robert), Poetical Works. New edit. Vol. IV. Fcap., 5s.
 Cave (H.), Stories of Christ the Lord. 16mo., 1s.
 Coote (H. C.), Practice of the High Court of Admiralty. 2nd edit. 8vo., 16s.
 Cotterill (C. C.), and Little (E. D.), Ships and Sailors. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Crowned. By E. C. Tainsh. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Daily Services of the Church. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Davidson (D.), Connexion of Sacred and Profane History. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Dickens (C.), American Notes. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Donald (J.), Commercial Arithmetic. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Doran (Dr.), Saints and Sinners. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.
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 Dunn (H.), The Study of the Bible. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Ellis (Sir N. C.), Memorials of. By the Author of "Toils and Triumphs." Fcap., 1s. 6d.
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 Essays on Church Policy. By the Rev. W. L. Clay. 8vo., 9s.
 Friarwell (J. H.), Other People's Windows. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16s.
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 Foul Play. By C. Reade and D. Boucicault. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
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 Great Architect (The): His Plan of Salvation, &c. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Heurtley (Rev. C. A.), Parochial Sermons. 4th Series. Fcap., 5s. 6d.
 Heywood (John), Favourite Atlas. 4to., 1s. 6d.
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